

# The Nation.

VOL. 1.—NO. 2.

THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1865.

\$3 PER ANNUM.

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Three Dollars per annum, in advance; Six months, Two Dollars. When delivered by Carrier in New York or Brooklyn, Fifty Cents additional.

JOSEPH H. RICHARDS, PUBLISHER, 130 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

## The Week.

MRS. COBDEN's refusal to accept the pension of £1,500 which was tendered her by Government, has been made the occasion of a virulent attack by *The Owl* upon Mr. Bright. That gentleman, as the intimate friend of the departed statesman, was assumed to have instigated his widow to an act intended to be spiteful. The fact is shown to have been that Mrs. Cobden acted without consulting other than her own good sense, and declined the bounty because she did not need it.

FROM the various orders of the military authorities throughout the South concerning the freedmen, a glimpse is given of local progress and local necessities, which may be profitably compared. At Lynchburg, Va., Gen. Maitland is concerned for the reunion of families, and the support of the infirm by their natural protectors either on the same plantation or on another. Such support must be provided for by employers who are responsible for the separation. He also enforces the giving of just certificates of character to laborers who wish to remove to their families, and punishes the refusal to hire because such certificate is withheld from white or black. At Richmond, Assistant Commissioner Brown, of the Freedmen's Bureau, appoints a Superintendent for the city and county, whose business it shall be to take a census of the colored people in his district, to protect them in their rights, inform them of their responsibilities, and encourage them in industry and frugality. At Charleston, Gen. Hatch announces that all contracts made under his authority are valid only for the present season; forbids any laborer to be bound to work out his indebtedness; and excludes from all contracts the words "freed by the acts of the military forces of the United States," and all phraseology which implies a doubt of the legality or permanence of emancipation. At Savannah, Gen. Woodford provides the blacks with the same facilities for education as the whites, to wit, one primary and two grammar schools. Though private schools thus become unnecessary or less necessary, they will not be interfered with. Tuition in the public schools is made absolutely free. At Augusta, Ga., General Superintendent Bryant arranges for the making and approval of equitable contracts, fixes the rates of hire and times of payment, and promises redress of injuries with punishment of idleness. Gen. Howard has signified his disapproval of the scale of wages, and prefers that there shall be none. Independent, voluntary engagements should be favored and rendered obligatory when made. At Shreveport, La., Gen. Herron, acting temporarily in the place of the Bureau, constrains the freedmen to remain with their masters and gather the crops, to abide rigidly at their homes, and to quit them only when fur-

nished with passes. The planters on their part are exhorted to treat their laborers fairly and to enter into definite contracts with them. Gen. Granger proclaims at Galveston the freedom of the slaves in Texas, involving "an absolute equality of personal rights and rights of property" between them and their former masters. They are counselled to remain where they are as hired laborers, and the usual warning is uttered against idleness or congregating at military posts.

THE landlords and peasantry of the great estates in Russia have come to a final settlement. Of nearly ten million peasants, half remain provisionally in their old relations, and half are freed outright. Half the latter, again, have become proprietors of their lands, largely by the aid of the Government. Hereafter there will be no "attachment to the soil" in the slavish sense, but a proper disposition to abide will be strengthened in proportion as the restraints upon locomotion are removed.

THE Duke of Wellington's letter to his tenantry is a remarkable episode in English politics, the abuse of power on the part of the landlords being unhappily as regular as the return of the elections. He writes to every man of his dependents:

"DEAR SIR: I think it right to explain clearly to you my feelings regarding the exercise of your vote. It is a trust imposed upon you for the advantage of the country, and the responsibility for the proper exercise of it rests on yourself alone. It is placed by the country in your hands, not in mine, and I beg you distinctly to understand that no one has any authority for stating that I wish to bias you in favor of any candidate. I am yours, etc., WELLINGTON."

THE report of the committee appointed by the rebel Congress to investigate the treatment and exchange of prisoners of war, has been published without the evidence. It is, on its face, a feeble document. Its denial of the charges of the Sanitary Commission lacks the warmth and positiveness of outraged character. It accuses, according to the French rule, by excusing the Confederate authorities; brings forward the prison regulations as a proof that they were observed; and, for the rest, retorts chiefly "You're another!" to the indictment from the Federal Government. No apology is ventured for the horrible and unnecessary exposure of the prisoners at Andersonville, the Charleston race-course, and Salisbury, still marked with the burrowing of shelterless, weather-wasted men, and on the barren Belle Isle. The committee childishly protest against the damning photographs which require no oaths or affidavits, and class them with the illustrations of yellow-covered novels and other sensational literature. But they frankly confess and justify the mine under the Libby. And so, hugging this infamy like an only babe to its breast, the Confederacy goes up to the bar of history.

By his will the late Admiral Du Pont has devoted his prize-money, \$175,000, to the founding of an asylum at Washington for the orphan children of sailors and soldiers. This last act is in keeping with the whole life of the man. He never forgot in his own ease the hardships of those who served under him, nor magnified his own office to the disparagement of their patriotic performance of duty. The wealth which accrued to him from their endeavors he refunds as if it were not altogether his. It is his testimony to the truth that, in the glory of every achievement, those who execute have claims as valid as those who plan.

AT the illuminations in London to celebrate the peace of Amiens, some sixty-odd years ago, the unlettered crowd of Britons assembled

before the house of the French Minister were guilty of a curious misapprehension. With more or less sincerity, M. Otto had traced in fiery letters the appropriate motto CONCORD, which, to be sure, as between England and France, was not destined to survive much longer than the candles themselves. The peace being one, as Sheridan said, of which everybody was glad and nobody proud, the word was mistaken for another of similar sound but somewhat different orthography; and the mob would not rest until CONQUERED was replaced by AMITY. We hope no such ill-luck attended the display of good feeling at the South during the recent national festivities. If the identical blunder was repeated, the poor whites could at least plead greater ignorance of the alphabet and a closer adherence to the facts.

A good illustration of the way in which the work of "criticism" is done by gentlemen who have to do it in a hurry, and are not over scrupulous, was afforded in a "notice" of THE NATION which appeared in the *New York Times* on Friday last. The public is there gravely informed "that full seven pages of our first number are devoted to the question of negro enfranchisement, included in which is the speech of Mr. R. H. Dana, recently delivered in Boston." "The speech of Mr. R. H. Dana, recently delivered in Boston," is neither more nor less than a letter written several weeks ago by Mr. George P. Marsh, in Italy, on the question of State Sovereignty. There is not one word about "negro enfranchisement" in it. Another New York journal, the *Citizen*, declares that "the long art criticism" in the same number of THE NATION—"is verbose and heavy, and devoted to extravagant praise of Bierstadt's theatrical landscape." Of four columns, there is one devoted to Mr. Bierstadt's landscapes, and every line of it contains severe censure. For getting at the real truth about things—what a Frenchman would call *la vérité crüe*—there is nothing like reading carefully a "light," "spicy" newspaper.

WENDELL PHILLIPS writes to the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, expressing his fear that by December the revolted States will have reorganized under the President's scheme of reconstruction, and that their members will present themselves for admission to the House before the election of a speaker, and be admitted by the clerk. We think this not unlikely, but we must confess we do not see what great harm they can do if they are admitted. It is not in Congress their powers of mischief are to be feared, but in their local legislatures. They are hardly likely to have their own way in Washington now when they were unable to have it in 1859. They would act there in the presence of a powerful Northern majority, and although they might say a great many disagreeable things, they could scarcely trouble our peace. The great question, it seems to us, is how to keep them out of the State legislatures, but this still remains to be solved.

It was not the fault of the negro altogether that he appeared very prominent in the celebrations of the Fourth. Gen. Banks at one end, and ex-Gov. Hahn at the other, with Winter Davis and Gen. Brisbane between, were sure of making him conspicuous if they set their hearts upon it; and so they did. New Orleans, Washington, Chicago, and Louisville were treated to orations on the franchise in black hands—Mr. Davis's being "eloquent," Gen. Banks's "one of the most eloquent ever made in Louisiana," and his audience "immense and enthusiastic." The celebration in the Crescent City terminated with a picturesque torchlight procession of the freedmen, while a review of the colored troops in Louisville brought out vast crowds of the kindred population. At the Capital, the National Colored Monument Association drew together a large, but most orderly and respectable assemblage on the grounds adjacent to the Treasury. Senator Wilson, in his address to them, warned the South that her black code and black laws, and all she had done to hold men in slavery, were abolished with the institution itself; moreover, that he had prepared a bill to introduce on the first day of the next Congress, for the personal liberty of every freeman on the continent.

GEN. HOWARD was the orator at Gettysburg, on the 4th, on the occasion of laying the corner-stone of the soldiers' monument. He

alluded with feeling to the fact that Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Everett, who had stood on the same spot in November, 1863, were now numbered with the host of the departed. Still another reminiscence was suggested by a letter from President Johnson, which could not but be compared with the short speech of his predecessor. It is no disparagement to the written to say that it was inferior to the spoken word, which we are not likely to see matched in this generation. Mr. Johnson referred again to the emancipation which had befallen "the thousands of whites as well as blacks," and which ought not to be overlooked. He, also, would do well to remember that these emancipated whites include the lately dominant aristocracy as well as the poorer classes, and that there can be no perfect freedom for any one who has the liberty to oppress his neighbor.

THE bloody deed of the 14th of April has been expiated, after the lapse of almost three whole months. Public opinion rests satisfied with the finding of the Court, satisfied with its verdict, and satisfied with the execution of four of the conspirators in assassination. The last two stages followed so closely upon each other that there was no time to excite a false compassion for Mrs. Surratt, or create a popular pressure to save her from the gallows. There are those who regard the hanging of any human being as an indecent spectacle, revolting to the humanity of the age; there are others who are especially shocked when a woman is suspended. The general feeling is, that the sex of the criminal does not qualify the character of the crime *in foro conscientie*, or in amenability to the laws; and that it is less repulsive to see a woman strangled where a man would be, than for her to have participated in the most atrocious murder of our time. For the rest, there is not a nation in Christendom that can throw stones at us for this business. The trial was prolonged, if not beyond necessity, at least beyond the requirements of justice, and every reasonable facility was afforded the defence. The public mind had grown calm and dispassionate in the interval, and the patience which has endured the tedious process of the Court is a guaranty of the absence of vindictiveness in sanctioning the usual penalties. A new culprit comes to the bar ere long, but whether on the ground of treason or of instigating assassination is yet a secret. The greater includes the less. Though a trial to determine if Jefferson Davis be a traitor would be superfluous, it would be worth half a year of inquiry. It is important to decide that there have been traitors these past four years, in order that we may know them or be rid of them hereafter.

MR. DE SAUTY turns up again. It was supposed that he and the flow of the electric current, in the Atlantic cable, waned and ceased together seven years ago. How he disappeared, and whither, was a mystery to the public. They had taken heart from his telegrams, while the communication lasted; in fact, except that he vouched for it, men would have sworn there had been no communication, and many did thus stoutly affirm, as it was. The unbelievers triumphed when De Sauty was silent, and, from denying that any message had crossed the wires, came to doubting the existence of the operator himself. But he is still alive, or, at least, has been galvanized back to life, and has charge of the electrical condition of the new chain that is to bind the continents. This, if no untoward accident has happened, is already slowly uncoiling in mid-ocean from the tanks of the *Great Eastern*, from whose deck the latitude and longitude of the huge vessel are made known in London morning and evening. Before the expiration of a fortnight, we shall learn the result of the mighty submarine experiment. We hope that the cheery song of De Sauty redivivus will wax into a crescendo that shall deafen the ear of scepticism, and that the vexed problem of the earth's girdle will be for ever put to rest. Already the confident directors of the telegraph company have fixed their tariff of charges. Twenty pounds for twenty words are the rate of this new ocean postage, including address and signature. Neither the commercial nor the reading community will relish this price for what on land is so reasonable a luxury; but neither, we opine, would prefer to be without a telegraph, nor can the inexpediency of the imposition be demonstrated, at least as yet. The directors meanwhile promise to lay more cables as rapidly as the success of the first will warrant. There is one point to which the attention of both nations ought to be called, and that is the

value of a daily exchange of news from responsible sources. Abroad there is no system that corresponds precisely to the American Associated Press, and yet, in spite of much that is frivolous and false in its despatches, the utility of this combination is established. We earnestly urge the setting aside of a part of each day for the exclusive transmission of trustworthy intelligence from both sides of the Atlantic—as far as possible, facts, not surmises; events, not probabilities. The charges for this should be reasonable, and not, as now, beyond the means of most of the public journals, or all combined. A column of telegraphic despatches to one of our dailies is reckoned, by the present scale, at \$9,000, which even a king might find a dainty dish for his breakfast-table.

THE ministers from the Executive Council of Canada have had a conference with her Majesty's Government. They met with sympathy in all their projects—of confederation, the defence of the provinces against the neighboring Republic, the renewal of a reciprocity treaty, and a settlement of land-claims with the Hudson's Bay Company. The first was recognized on both sides as the most important, and in general the initiative was left to the colonies.

ONE sign of the revolution just achieved at the South, is the voice of the colored people in that section, which now for the first time makes itself audible to the nation. Much has been done to inspire the negro with a sense of his manhood since the day when John Quincy Adams was nearly expelled from Congress for inquiring what would be the action of the House on a petition purporting to come from slaves. Certain colored citizens of Georgia have forwarded to Senator Sumner an admirably worded petition to the President, which avers that they are loyal, have always been and always will remain so, and asks, to make their loyalty most effective, permission to exercise the right of suffrage. Gen. Saxton attests the genuineness of the three hundred signatures, and the worth of many of the signers. He of course favors their appeal, and denies that their votes would ever be thrown on the side opposed to freedom. From Vicksburg we hear of a colored protest against the appointment of Judge Sharkey as Governor, and a "clamor" for the right of suffrage. On the second of August the colored people of Virginia meet by delegates at Alexandria to consider their condition and prospects, and devise the means of future welfare.

THE President has appointed a Governor for South Carolina—not Benjamin F. Butler, as many had hoped in times past, but Benjamin F. Perry, of whom it is at least to be said that fewer imputations have been cast upon his loyalty than upon that of most of his fellow-appointees. The first of August is yet distant, and there is a chance for Florida before that date. Her case attended to, the list will be completed, and the President's policy be fully on trial. It will be interesting to learn the number of Mr. Perry's constituents in a State whose population is more than one half black, while the remainder were certainly not compelled to secede.

KENTUCKY politics hinge upon the question of ratifying the Constitutional Amendment, which abolishes slavery. Practically the nation regards the strife of the two parties there as the backwoodsman did the tussle of his wife and bruin—indifferent which gets the better of it next autumn. For it is certain that the fate of slavery does not depend on the issue of any election, except in regard to time. Nevertheless, it were well the job were done quickly, so that it may be well done, and there are plenty of shrewd Kentuckians, oftener far politicians than philanthropists, who are of this opinion. Such are Gov. Bramlette, ex-Gov. Magoffin, the editor of the *Louisville Journal*, and many others. The first named has taken the stump, the second written a letter, and the third is daily printing very earnest articles in favor of Kentucky's coming to her senses and abandoning her idle efforts to preserve a disintegrating system. The value of the canvass to the people of the State cannot be computed, for free discussion is a novelty whose charm is not likely to wear off. It is instructive, too, to read arguments for the Amendment based on the pressing need of retaining the colored laborers, who are rapidly getting demoralized by those who know how to cast doubts on the reality of emancipation, so that many have aban-

doned the State and more are preparing to follow. This means agricultural ruin, and the very best Fugitive Law is now seen to be that which removes the negro's temptation to flee from home, and kinsmen, and employment, by giving him the liberty to go if he pleases, and making it for his advantage to stay.

THERE is hope for John C. Breckinridge. He asserts that "there can be no lasting peace founded upon cruelty and oppression,"—reason enough for the irrepressible conflict, and proof that slavery began the war.

THE freedman's bulletin for the past week compares favorably on the whole with that of the preceding. One must except with emphasis the riots at Norfolk and Portsmouth, attendant upon and subsequent to the elections—first-fruits of the civil régime. In these the colored man suffered shockingly. Even in Richmond there have been some outrages. Elsewhere in Virginia, in the neighborhood of Gordonsville, we are told the crops are bountiful, but doomed to waste for want of hands to gather them. The war has spared the soil its products, but drained it of its cultivators. At Arlington, the Freedman's Village has become self-sustaining, pays its own house-rents, and draws no longer on Government for food, or raiment, or fuel. In Washington there appears an institution for the education of colored youth, incorporated March 3, 1863, of which Rev. William H. Channing is president, and Francis George Shaw, of New York, treasurer, with a highly respectable board of trustees. It is designed as an academy of the higher class for both sexes, and has a foundation in land of some \$20,000 and a few thousand in money. More funds will, of course, be required, though at present no definite plan has been resolved upon. General Howard's agents in Florida report that no clear understanding of the new order of things exists among the inhabitants, though few are unable to see that slavery is no more, or disposed to make trouble over its corpse. A corresponding uncertainty pervades the treatment of the blacks, who in some quarters make engagements with their late masters, in others are tasked and whipped by them with old-time brutality. A change is visible, however, in the severity and frequency of punishments. There are sufficient laborers for the harvests. In the interior of Alabama the freedmen are said to be quiet and disposed to be industrious, in some instances under contracts. An account of what the freedmen have done for themselves at Helena, Ark., as lease-holders and hired laborers under Government superintendence, is full of encouragement. They have been thrifty and prosperous. Their brethren on the confiscated plantations leased to Northern capitalists have not fared so well under the temporary system devised by General Banks for the lower Mississippi, yet the balance is in their favor.

It is still disputed whether the Russian plague be contagious or not, but there is no room to doubt that it is spreading westward with even fearful rapidity. Warnings have reached the State Department from our Ministers and Consuls abroad, and circulars been addressed in consequence to our municipal authorities, which we hope will be heeded. Arrivals from Russian and Turkish ports ought to be rigidly inspected, and without due precaution we may import our afreetime destroyer, the cholera, which is sufficiently prevalent in Egypt to put Italy on her guard.

SCARCELY had the statue of Dante been erected in Florence when his bones were discovered and set up at Ravenna. The skeleton, which has remained concealed for nearly two hundred years, lacks but few bones of being complete. The height of the poet as deduced from its measurement is put at one metre seventy centimetres, or something under five feet six. His monument would seem to be his rightful sarcophagus.

ITALY has promptly removed the restrictions upon American war-vessels in her ports, and calls to mind, in order to renew them, her expressions of friendliness for this country during the struggle from which we have emerged. The Confederates, who are mentioned as "separatists," are promised a different reception.



Much credit belongs to the French for inventions which, if they come to naught, tickle the world with promises that delight for the hour. The most recent instance in point is the infernal machine of Toulon. According to an enthusiastic speaker in the *Corps Législatif*, this extraordinary torpedo was not only adequate to blowing up a fleet of iron-clads, but to destroying whole regiments when employed in the army by a small platoon of cavalry. The Government Commissioner, next day, very quietly declared that the invention was far from new—a water-tight cask worked by electrical wires—had been extensively used in America, and was now undergoing experiments in England. He did not believe it would supersede the necessity of dock-yards.

It is one thing to correspond with the *World*, and another to correspond with the truth. Thus, one who writes to that paper from Charleston romances in this fashion:

"Amongst them [the emancipated blacks of South Carolina] were sent the cold-blooded fanatics of New England, teaching them the most incendiary doctrines, and urging upon them, as their highest duty, to take the lives and possess themselves of the property of their late masters. . . . To cap the climax, bodies of half-disciplined negro troops are now being dispatched to the various court-house towns of the State to spread discontent and trouble amongst the freedmen everywhere. . . . If the presence of garrisons in interior towns be deemed necessary for the preservation of the national authority (though no such necessity really exists), let white troops by all means be sent there, and not a murmur will be heard; but to station regiments of these freedmen, who have little of the true soldier about them, save the arms and the uniform, in the midst of unarmed communities, is to jeopardize most shamefully and needlessly the lives of thousands."

There is no better disciplined regiment in the United States' service than the 55th (colored) Massachusetts, to which the writer doubtless alludes as having been divided among the towns in the interior of the State. An officer of that regiment testifies as follows:

"The planters where our colored troops have been say they prefer them to our white ones, as they find the freedmen are more contented, and perfectly willing to do and obey what our officers may tell them. At Summerville, S. C., where our regiment was encamped for a short time, the mayor and several of the leading men of the place tried to induce Gen. Hatch to allow us to remain, when they heard that the regiment was ordered away."

THE letter of a distinguished publicist which we present elsewhere is worthy of attention. It shows, in opposition to certain calculations which have appeared in the daily press, that in estimating the loss sustained by the South on account of the rebellion, the marketable value of her late chattels is not to be reckoned. It is only where the negroes have perished, and deprived the community of so much labor, that loss has resulted.

THAT was a ruddy picture which Gen. Sherman painted of himself the other day in Cincinnati—"a little red-headed boy, running about in Lancaster, stealing cherries." In the same speech he declared that in the very hotel where he was then responding to an evening serenade, Gen. Grant and he had met more than a year ago, and "laid down the maps and studied out the campaigns which ended this war."

"OUR Washington Correspondent" has long had a habit of concocting accounts of interviews between distinguished people in that city, in which he gives the smart and sharp things they said to one another, word for word, and describes with the most delightful accuracy their appearance when they said them. The gentleman who discharges the duties of this high office for the *World* gave a thrilling verbatim report, a year or two ago, of a fearful "scene" between Mr. Seward and the French ambassador, which, owing to the absence of that ambassador from the United States when it occurred, did not meet with the attention it deserved. The *Cincinnati Enquirer* has now been trying its hand in the same branch of art, and has got "a friend" at Washington to describe with minuteness an angry controversy between Mr. Johnson and Mr. Sumner. We need hardly say that he represents Mr. Johnson as having conducted himself on that occasion like a bad-tempered omnibus driver, and Mr. Sumner like a born fool. The privilege enjoyed by the American public in having a band of faithful and imaginative

eavesdroppers to wait upon its public men when they visit each other, and put billingsgate into their mouths, can hardly be too highly valued.

THE Franco-Austrian Empire of Mexico has survived a year. Maximilian has celebrated, with "balls, illuminations, and other rejoicings," the anniversary of his landing. He has signalized the occasion still further by issuing a manifesto on the subject of education, which he wishes to be popular and compulsory, religious instruction being committed to the priests. He will find business enough for his schools if he throws them open to the rebels, who are flocking to him across the Rio Grande. But they did not bargain to retreat from Yankee "school-ma'ams" to Mexican.

LORD BROUGHAM expresses great annoyance at having it supposed that he is not, and has not always been, a friend of the North. All his own friends must begin to wish by this time that he took less interest in public affairs.

THE rapid deterioration of thorough-bred horses in England, which of late years has excited so much comment and lamentation, will probably, since a French horse won the Derby, lead to still greater complaint and apprehension in the sporting world. Everybody seems agreed upon the cause, which is simply the practice of racing two-year-olds and exhausting their powers before maturity. It is singular that horse-racers should thus early have thrown away the only good argument they have ever offered in defence of their sports.

THE military gentlemen have resumed possession of Norfolk, and the civil misrule over which Mayor Tabb presided, by the suffrages of the rebellious, has been indefinitely suspended. This first experiment in local self-government, although on a small scale, is full of instruction, and is one of the many signs which point to the inefficiency of the present mode of making a loyal and subordinate South. The oath of fealty did not prevent the loyal citizens of Norfolk from being doubly out-voted at the late municipal election, nor protect the unenfranchised blacks from wanton and deadly abuse. The triumph of the disloyal at the polls inaugurated a régime which soon grew too outrageous to be tolerated, and, thanks to the President, the Secretary of War, or whatever official is responsible for the change, there is an end of the Mayor's police. Fire-arms and deadly weapons of all kinds are forbidden to be carried in the streets, and thus one fruitful source of disorder is removed. There is still a divided jurisdiction in civil offences. The military authorities assume those cases in which either soldiers or sailors are implicated, and also those in which the testimony of colored persons is required concerning white civilians. The rest are left to the usual courts. There is a deal of significance in this apportionment. It is consistent with the practice of Government ever since the war began, so far as relates to the equal admission of colored testimony in all its military tribunals. The remarkable feature of this new order is, that it either distrusts the impartiality of the civil courts, where a black man's evidence may be either rejected or held of no account, or else implies a recognition of the old pro-slavery code as still extant and in force. Gen. Terry's order, which has not publicly been disavowed by his superiors, very distinctly announced the abrogation of that code by the death of the system which called it into being. In New Orleans and in Nashville there have been numerous instances where the civil courts have adopted this view, conformable alike to common sense and common law. Should the Government by-and-by come to the same conclusion, as we wish it might, an interesting point would arise, which may be presented thus: each State has the right, which it duly exercises, of determining who shall be qualified witnesses in its courts of law. In Virginia, South Carolina, etc., the Government interposes to remove certain disabilities of this sort. On what ground? That they appertain to a state of society for ever abolished on this continent, as repugnant to the democratic genius of our institutions. Is the right to fix the qualifications of voters any better recognized than that to regulate the reception of testimony? Is the reason for interfering to make black men witnesses any stronger than that for interfering to make them voters?



*Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.*

### HARD SWEARING AS AN INSTRUMENT OF GOVERNMENT.

THE plan of restoring and establishing the authority of the Government at the South, by means of a wholesale administration of oaths, is essentially mediæval, and relies for nearly all its efficacy on ideas and theories which have long ago lost their force. During the confusion of the war it seemed a ready way of protecting the official machinery against clog or obstruction at the hands of traitors or enemies, and, at that time, it probably did render some such service as was expected of it. As long as the Confederacy was in existence, its friends and supporters were probably generally prevented, by a sentiment of devotion to it, from offering any such outward form of adhesion to its enemies as an oath of allegiance or of abjuration. But since its extinction, since the Government of the United States has become the only one in the country, that under which every man has to live whether he likes it or not, it is safe to say that all the swearing that has been done at the South has not made any perceptible addition either to its strength or security.

How any number of people at the North, sufficient to secure the adoption of the oath of allegiance as a great instrument of public policy, ever came to think that it would, passes our comprehension. The expedient is not a novel one. It is, as we have said, mediæval in its origin, and has for five hundred years been tried steadily by all sorts of governments, corporations, and institutions as a means of keeping obnoxious or dangerous people out, or making lazy or unscrupulous people do their duty, and it has never succeeded, though it has led to a monstrous deal of perjury, and has proved a potent means of blunting the public conscience. Oaths owe nearly all their value to the depth of the impression they make on the persons who take them; but they seldom make much impression on people who take them frequently or see them taken frequently. This act, like all other acts, is robbed by familiarity and habit of whatever solemnity may under ordinary circumstances attach to it. Illustrations of this will suggest themselves by the dozen to everybody who chooses to reflect on it for a few minutes. It is found even in courts of justice very difficult to keep witnesses in mind of the awful nature of the sanction with which they clothe their statements, simply because it is a form through which they see people going every day. We may imagine, therefore, what value an oath retains in the eyes of a community where, as at present at the South, it is administered to thousands of persons every day by a power which they fear and hate, and as a condition precedent to the receipt of all sorts of favors, from a ration of Indian meal up to the rights of citizenship. We venture to assert that even in the most moral community in the world it would in a very few weeks, under such circumstances, lose all its solemnity and all its force.

But the South is not a moral community. There is probably no other in Christendom in which the most of the people are less influenced by moral and religious ideas, in which even purely utilitarian considerations have less effect upon the relations between man and man, in which the conscience has been less cultivated, or pride, passion, or prejudice less restrained. The agitation which led to the war, as well as the war itself, have furnished a thousand proofs of the depth and breadth of the gulf which has separated and still separates the slaveholders from the rest of the Christian world, in opinion, in feeling, and in practice, upon nearly all the great questions which civilized men have every day to submit to the decision of their conscience. The experience of every one of our readers who has lived at the South must supply him an abundant confirmation of this statement; Southern literature and history teem with illustrations of its truth. There are two stages of society in which an oath of allegiance might prove a powerful weapon in the hands of a government doubtful of its hold on the affections of its citizens. The one is where high culture or religious exaltation has produced great delicacy of conscience, or a very high sense of personal honor; the other is where superstition has surrounded perjury with temporal terrors, where the oath-breaker and his neighbors expect im-

mediate chastisement to follow the commission of the offence. The South is in neither of these.

Nor is all this mere speculation. The news of every week shows that the oath does not keep any considerable number of disaffected persons away from the polls, or from any other place in which anything is to be gained by hard swearing. Moreover, all pretence of respect for it is being fast laid aside. We have commented elsewhere on the atrocious doctrine propounded by Mr. Reverdy Johnson, that an oath, which is illegally made the condition of the enjoyment of a legal right, may be taken without any violation of the moral law. When men in his position and with his training hold such opinions as this, what may we not conclude as to the state of feeling further South, amongst the real thorough-bred Southerners, in whose eyes the Yankee has long occupied the same moral position as the "giaour" in the eyes of the Turk?

It may be said that the Government has the right to impose a test of loyalty before allowing persons in the rebellious districts to enjoy the rights of citizenship, and that the oath is the simplest and easiest. We grant all this; but we are discussing the question as one of expediency. If administering oaths wholesale did really assist in placing the national authority at the South on a sure and lasting foundation, we should by all means advise its continuance. But we maintain that it does not; and that, moreover, inasmuch as it does not, although everybody is ready to take it, while making no secret of his contempt for it, the only result is to make perjury seem a venial and sometimes justifiable offence, and to exclude the conscientious portion of the rebel population, the portion which retains strong moral or religious feeling, from all influence in the local government; in other words, to hand the States over to the reckless and unscrupulous and base.

There is still another objection to it, and it is one which to all men possessed of real democratic feeling must seem a strong one, and that is, that oaths of this kind are worn-out implements, taken from the old tool-house of European despotism and oligarchy. To use them is often simply an attempt to govern by working on men's fear of everlasting damnation, and in our case they want the excuse which in other countries has so often covered them. We have at hand other means of accomplishing the same end. We have but to enforce the laws, admit the whole population to a share in the government in accordance with those principles in which we have so long gloried. We may dispense with swearing. We ought not to hold out to traitors the temptation to commit perjury, even if we gained anything by it. We can only prevent their resuming their old influence in the State governments in one way, and that is by giving those who are faithful to us the means of out-voting them. There is no loyal population in any State large enough, or nearly large enough, to exclude from the legislatures for any length of time, under the ordinary constitutional forms, those who are hostile to the national Government. They have neither the strength, nor the influence, nor, as their conduct during the war has shown, the force of character to make head against the secessionists, one month after they have lost the support of the United States troops and President Johnson's "war power."

We may as well make up our minds to this at once. We greatly fear we shall see it all only when too late. The question of admitting the negroes to vote, or, what we consider still better, of substituting some other electoral test for that of color, and of willingness to swear, is, we repeat, not a question of negro welfare simply, but of national safety. Two clumsier, more absurd, or more antiquated tests than these have seldom been invented, and the patience with which a large portion of the public sits and waits for them to solve the great problem of reconstruction, is a remarkable exhibition of fatuity.

### THE SOUTHERN PRESS.

WHEN a steamboat becomes old, rotten, unseaworthy, and, losing the confidence of the public, is in danger of losing their patronage, it is hauled off for repairs, the painter and upholsterer are summoned, it is baptized with a new name, and in six months the public are invited to try the qualities of "the new and splendid steamer —, etc." The thief known to the police, adopts a disguise and an alias; and both thief and steamboat proprietor find, Shakespeare to the contrary notwithstanding, that there is a great deal in a name. This stale trick the

press of the South are repeating upon the people, with better success than it deserves. The old papers have dropped their names—and because we do not see the title, we delude ourselves with the idea that their existence is ended. Because we no longer read envenomed extracts from the *Sentinel*, and *Examiner*, and *Dispatch*, we imagine they are dead—but the truth is the newspapers of the South are unchanged, in character, in animus, in all but name. The same capitalists own them; the same proprietors manage them; the same editors write for them. It is true the published names of editor and proprietor are often new. It is true also that their columns are not filled with the same noisy but rapid denunciation of everything Northern, but this is the effect of fear.

Throughout the rebellion Richmond has been regarded as a representative of rebeldom; and the Richmond press as representative of the press of the entire Confederacy. We have made some inquiry into the present condition of that press, and we venture the assertion that there is not a "sound" newspaper among them all. There is not one of them genuinely new. Their editors may have taken the oath of allegiance. They may acquiesce in a state of things which they consider inevitable, and abstain from fighting anew the useless battle over the dead bodies of slavery and secession. But there is not a paper in Richmond which is thoroughly in favor of the new order, of liberty, union, and equality of rights. There is not one which heartily supports a restored nationality and free institutions.

We do not propose to leave this a general assertion. We will make it good by specifications. The principal papers in Richmond are the *Whig*, the *Republic*, the *Commercial Bulletin*, and the *Times*.

The *Richmond Whig* has neither changed its name nor its editor—Mr. William Ura Smith, the present proprietor, bought a half interest in it during the war, it is hinted to save himself from conscription. Two others of the firm who owned it were colonels in the rebel army. Their names no longer appear in connection with the paper, but it is more than suspected that they still possess an interest in it. Of all papers in the rebel capital, it was perhaps (if there were any difference) the least obnoxious. It was inclined to be conservative, and secured some respect from the North by its persistent opposition to the Davis administration. But it was never suspected of real unionism, or it never could have lived in Richmond. And though it acquiesces in the restoration of the national authority, and submits to the Pierpont government, it cannot be said to give a cordial support to either. It is not regarded as their organ by the loyal men of Virginia, nor does it enjoy their confidence.

The *Richmond Republic* is ostensibly a new paper. It was started very soon after the evacuation of Richmond. In its prospectus it promised great things. Securing the editorial services of the former correspondent of a Northern newspaper, the loyalists hoped to find in it the expression of their views. But its proprietors control its columns and give character to its utterances. These are the proprietors respectively of the *Richmond Examiner* and the *Richmond Dispatch*. It is in reality a resuscitated form of those defunct newspapers.

The *Commercial Bulletin* is simply Davis's old organ, the *Richmond Sentinel*, in a new name, but without a changed spirit.

The *Times* is the newspaper of Richmond. It has much the largest circulation. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that it equals that of all the other papers combined; this it has acquired by its audacious secessionism. Its editor is Mr. H. R. Pollard, formerly of the *Examiner*, author of a Southern "History of the War," and for a time a resident of Fort Warren. So outspoken is its secessionism that it has lately been warned by the military that its course must change or its publication stop. And such, with some exceptions, is the press, not only of Richmond, but of the whole South. We are taking great pains to put loyal men in the gubernatorial chairs. But here is a power greater than that of the government, wielded almost wholly in the interest of an aristocracy as yet far from dead.

There is nothing which is so much needed in the Southern States as a loyal, liberty-loving press, yet the South cannot, will not sustain it. In a State where the Governor declares that nineteen-twentieths of the people would be disfranchised by being required to take an oath before voting, that they have not voluntarily aided the rebellion, there is no constituency strong enough now to sustain the right kind of a news-

paper. In some form or other assistance must be obtained from abroad. We commend this matter to whom it may concern in New York. In no way could they render a more substantial service to the country, than in clubbing together to furnish Northern daily papers to the city of Richmond, through some authorized agent, at the simple cost of paper, printing, and transportation, where now they can only be purchased for ten cents per copy, and are rare at that. Meanwhile, we warn the public to remember that the extracts which they constantly read from the Southern press, concerning the condition of society, and especially the conduct of the negro, are prepared for our information by the same men whose atrocious calumnies of the North did more to produce the war—whose unblushing falsehoods, during its progress, did more to prolong and embitter it, than all other influences combined.

#### DEMOCRATIC NATIONALITY.

THE issue of the war marks an epoch by the consolidation of nationality under democratic forms. The characteristic feature of modern society, since the close of the feudal period, has been a tendency toward the national polity as the normal type of government. Following the general outline of M. Guizot—that chiefest philosopher of European society—we may divide the history of European nations into three periods—"the period of confusion," consequent upon the disintegration of the Roman empire, and the invasions and counter-invasions of barbarian tribes upon the theatre of the old civilization; "the feudal period," which furnished the first, and perhaps the only possible, nucleus of organization amid the universal chaos; and "the modern period" of national growth and coherence through organic law. The strong arm and the iron will of Charlemagne first arrested the insecurity and disorder of centuries of barbarism; and though his empire perished with him, the local authorities that he had established by grants of lands to his feudatory nobles, survived the central power, and grew into petty states—each an absolute sovereignty within itself;—the feudal lord being master over all lands, property, persons, within his domain, the arbiter of peace and war, of life and death. The feudal castle thus became the light-house of civilization amid the receding floods of barbarism, the nucleus of order in the confusion of a broken empire, the crystallizing centre of society itself. Around its base, under its protection, and through its alliances of interest, of necessity, or of ambition, society gradually grew into a power under whose weight the props that had trained it fell at length as the empire had fallen before.

In England the feudal sovereignty was ground between king and commons, as an upper and a nether millstone, till it was reduced to a malleable aristocracy. In France feudalism was absorbed in the ambitious growth of monarchy, which culminated in Louis XIV., "the supreme personification of kingly government." In him the king was the state; but with him also the absolute type of state-craft began to decline, so that, as Martin so eloquently writes, "if monarchy did not expire on the same day as the monarch, the sullen work of decomposition was never more to be arrested in its organs. We shall witness the decomposition of this vast body, until the day when veritable unity, the sovereign nation, breaks this worn-out shell to appear in its own essence, without figure and without symbol. In the future of society the type of government will be not sacerdotal, nor monarchical, nor aristocratic, but national."

The idea of nationality in its completeness embraces first a distinct and undivided people, having a community of language, of territory, of interest and institutions; and secondly, the combination, or the coordinate action, of all interests in their just proportion in the state;—external independence and internal coherence and equilibrium.

Though the Italians were one race, with one language, there was no proper nationality in Italy until the petty kingdoms that divided and oppressed her people were swallowed up in the united kingdom of Victor Emanuel. Turkey is not a nationality, but an agglomeration of many races ruled by the sword of one. And China, though her people, her soil, her language are one, is not a nationality in the contemplation of political philosophy, but a race ruled by a caste, and that of foreign origin. But where the polity is national, there no one class or interest—priestly, military, literary, monetary, numerical—has control of the supreme power, or can use the state for its exclusive benefit, but



the common-weal is the idea of the state both as to its essence and as to its functions.

In Europe this idea of a national polity is most nearly approached in the British Constitution; where, though the forms of royalty are still maintained, Parliament is omnipotent; and the voice of the Commons, swollen by the voice of popular assemblies outside of Parliament, makes the nation felt as a power, though the people are still limited in suffrage, and though land, office, and social consideration are largely monopolized by the nobility. In Germany the full realization of nationality is still hindered by vicious and cumbersome political divisions, making the states a pasture ground for petty princes; while France vibrates from the extreme of popular sovereignty to that of imperial absolutism. Nevertheless the tendency of the modern period of society with which we stand connected is toward nationalization, and against either a feudal federation or a despotic centralization.

Within this period our American institutions took their rise; and from the first they have borne the stamp of nationality. It has been forcibly said by Dr. Lieber, that "it is a fact or movement of the greatest significance in the whole history of the human race, that this great continent was colonized by European people, at a period when, in their portion of the globe, great nations had been formed, and the national polity had finally become the nominal type of government; and it is a fact equally pregnant with momentous results, that the northern portion of this hemisphere came to be colonized chiefly by men who brought along with them the seeds of self-government and a living common law, instinct with the principles of manly self-dependence and civil freedom."

Even as colonies, we began our existence as one people, having a community of interest and of destiny in the New World: we were the English nation transplanted without royalty, without aristocracy, and without a state church—even more national than the nation itself; and when common dangers arose, this sentiment of nationality drew the colonies together in one organic form—first as a political sovereignty, independent of foreign control, and next as a national unity, or a unified body politic through a national constitution displacing the confederation of States. No statesman since Hamilton and Madison has more clearly conceived the essential nationality of the American people than did President Lincoln;—nor more ably stated and defended that nationality against the self-destructive dogma of State sovereignty. This Administration has determined both the fact and the perpetuity of a nationality under democratic forms.

In his Message for 1862, he showed conclusively that "the portion of the earth's surface which is owned and inhabited by the people of the United States is adapted to be the home of one national family," and of only one; that, "physically speaking, we cannot separate; since there is no line, straight or crooked, suitable for a national boundary, upon which to divide." "Our national homestead in all its adaptations and aptitudes demands union and abhors separation."

In his first Message of 1861, he showed that historically and politically we are and must be one nation: "Much is said about the sovereignty of the States, but the word even is not in the national Constitution, nor, as is believed, in any of the State constitutions. What is sovereignty in the political sense of the word? Would it be far wrong to define it a political community without a political superior? Tested by this, no one of our States except Texas was a sovereignty; and even Texas gave up the character on coming into the Union, by which act she acknowledged the Constitution of the United States, and the laws and treaties of the United States made in pursuance of the Constitution, to be for her the supreme law. The States have their *status* in the Union, and they have no other legal *status*. If they break from this, they can only do so against law and by revolution. The Union, and not themselves separately, procured their independence and their liberty, by conquest or purchase. The Union gave each of them whatever of independence and liberty it has. The Union is older than any of the States, and, in fact, it created them as States. Originally, some dependent colonies made the Union, and in turn the Union threw off their old dependence for them and made them States, such as they are."

This territorial, political, and historical oneness of the nation is now ratified by the blood of thousands of her sons cementing the national

polity as the only government possible for the American people. The prime issue in the war was between nationality one and indivisible, and the loose and changeable federation of independent States; and this involved not simply the permanence of our national Union, but the possibility of a nationality under democratic forms. Greece, with her petty state democracies, now leagued together by dangers and now divided by jealousies, never realized a nationality. The Roman republic, centralized in the capital, and governing districts and provinces by military or proconsular power—instead of a local and elected magistracy—invited military ambition and political faction to pervert its imperial unity to the uses of a central despotism. To command Rome was like commanding Paris. The principle of local self-government, the safeguard of popular liberty, secures us against a Roman centralization; but secession was an attempt to erect local self-government into State sovereignty and sectional independence—thus repeating for us Grecian disintegration, and against that we have asserted and established nationality. Said Mr. Lincoln: "Our popular government has often been called an experiment. Two points in it our people have settled: the successful establishing and the successful administering of it. One still remains: its successful maintenance against a formidable internal attempt to overthrow it. It is now for them to demonstrate to the world that those who can fairly carry an election can also suppress a rebellion; that ballots are the rightful and peaceful successors of bullets, and that when ballots have fairly and constitutionally decided, there can be no successful appeal back to bullets; that there can be no successful appeal except to ballots themselves at succeeding elections. Such will be a great lesson of peace, teaching men that what they cannot take by an election, neither can they take by a war."

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the decision reached by the war, that the United States are one national sovereignty under democratic forms. Our point of danger, and, as some imagined, of weakness also, was just there. We were proof against aggression, we were proof against despotism. But were we proof against disruption? We were independent, and we were republican; but were we *one*—a nation, or only a league? The determination of our nationality under democratic forms that guard with sacred jealousy personal liberty and local self-government, marks an era in political philosophy and in popular government. It has settled the permanence of the national polity—that "government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth." It has demonstrated that our institutions of local freedom are but so many roots to feed, strengthen, and uphold our common nationality, and that a nationality thus vitalized from the myriad roots of local, distributed self-government cannot be compressed into a centralized power even under the stupendous weight of war. Sovereignty without centralization, consolidation without despotism, nationality under democratic forms, this is a fact now for the first time established in the history of government. England and France looked on with amazement to see a man of the people, chosen for such a contingency, within twelve hours after the assassination of the head of the Government, stepping into the chief place of power, and speaking not of the rights and prerogatives of his office, but of his duties to the nation. At the very moment when the Emperor of France drops the sword of the usurper for the pen of the eulogist, to persuade us that "when Providence raises up such men as Cæsar, Charlemagne, and Napoleon, it is to trace out to peoples the path they ought to follow," and that nations are safe and happy only when the central power is wielded by these privileged leaders, we see the principle of nationality under democratic forms asserting itself with a grandeur of military strength, a unity of political counsel, a dignity of moral power, before which the empires of Cæsar, of Charlemagne, and of Napoleon dwindle into insignificance.

#### THE DISFRANCHISING POWER.

It is repeated day after day, that in urging against the admission of negroes to the franchise, those who urge it are asking President Johnson to set aside the Constitution; and it is alleged that in leaving this question to the decision of the Southern whites, he is only doing what the letter of the organic law obliges him to do, and that nobody asks him to interfere in the matter except people who deny the consti-



tution all force. We were told last week, by one of the morning papers, that "in President Johnson's opinion, as indicated by his official acts, the Federal Government has no right to prescribe the qualifications of voters in the several States. He regards that as a matter belonging to the States themselves; and if they are members of the Union (as he believes them to be) they must be allowed to exercise the rights that belong to them. Very many persons assume that, inasmuch as the doctrine of State *sovereignty*, as against the Federal Government, has been exploded by the war, the doctrine of State *rights* has been abrogated also. This is a great mistake. The war has not consolidated the national Government in any such way as to blot out the States, or impair, in any degree, those rights and powers which belong to each State under the Constitution. There are very many subjects over which State jurisdiction is perfect and complete; and it is just as important as it ever was that over those subjects that jurisdiction should be maintained. It is only where State authority comes in conflict with national authority, upon subjects committed to the latter by the Constitution, that the former must give way." And again, a day or two previously, that "we can find in the Constitution no shadow of authority for requiring any State to permit negroes to vote as a condition of remaining in the Union. Even if we should deem that measure 'essential to the public safety,' we do not see how the Federal Government could adopt it without exercising power not conferred upon it by the Constitution. Suffrage in the rebel States may and must be restricted, because men who have been rebels cannot be legal voters until they have been restored to their rights by Executive pardon. But we do not see how either the President or Congress can *enlarge* the suffrage—how they can admit new classes of voters to the ballot-box in any State. That is not one of the modes of punishing treason known to the Constitution; and if the Government may enlarge the suffrage in Georgia because it deems such a measure essential to the 'public safety,' why may it not do the same thing, on the same grounds, in Massachusetts and New York?"

Now, it may or may not be a good thing to allow negroes to vote; but its expediency or in expediency does not in the least affect President Johnson's power in the matter. There is not a shadow of warrant for the assertion that while he has power to restrict the suffrage, he has no power to enlarge it. There is neither in the Constitution, nor in any act of Congress, a particle of authority expressly granted to him either for the enlargement or restriction of the franchise. His prohibiting persons who have taken part in the rebellion from voting rests simply on the "war power," or is, in other words, revolutionary, done in virtue of the necessity of the case, and in defence of the national existence. He has no more constitutional authority to disfranchise men for offences of which they have not been convicted before a court of justice, than to enfranchise others for services which they have never rendered; and, we may add, he has just as much authority to do the one as the other. The distinction which it is sought to create between his enfranchising and disfranchising power is purely imaginary.

Congress, in chapter 195 of 1862, fixed the punishment of persons taking part in the rebellion. It consisted in the confiscation of their property, the liberation of their slaves, and imprisonment not exceeding ten years, with a fine not exceeding ten thousand dollars, and disqualification for office. But it is to be observed that the infliction of any of these penalties, except the liberation of their slaves, is dependent on conviction before a court of law. Disfranchisement is no doubt a consequence of the commission of treason, but only when the offence has been proved before a jury, and the sentence has been pronounced by a judge.

Therefore, when President Johnson decides who shall be allowed to vote in the disloyal States, at the election of either a convention or legislature, he does so, not in virtue of express constitutional provision, or under an act of Congress, but in the exercise of his power as commander-in-chief of the national armies. In other words, he is regulating the process of construction by martial law, which, in our opinion, he is perfectly justified in doing. But to contend that a general who, in virtue of his military authority, decides who shall not come to the polls, may not, also, in virtue of the same authority, decide who *shall* come, is absurd on its face.

For our part we should gladly see him go a little further than he

has yet done, and exclude everybody from the polls who can neither read nor write, inasmuch as the voting in the South of that class of persons has already nearly ruined the country. We regard any process which arms them with their old power with the utmost apprehension.

### POLITICAL CASUISTRY.

THE opinion of Mr. Reverdy Johnson of Maryland concerning the moral and political obligation of the oath required of the citizens of that State, as the condition of being allowed to vote upon the constitution framed in convention, has attracted no little attention in various quarters. We ought not to be surprised at this. For the doctrine is not only in itself utterly atrocious in principle, but it becomes portentous of uncomputed evil, if viewed in its possible applications and consequences. Whether considered as an indication or an effect of a widespread demoralization of the public or, so to speak, of the political conscience, or regarded in its purely ethical relations, the enunciation of such an opinion by such a personage is an event of very grave significance.

The circumstances which occasioned the letter of Mr. Johnson were briefly as follows: The Legislature of Maryland ordered a convention of the representatives of the people to frame a new constitution for the State. This constitution when framed, as is provided in the sixth section of the law calling the convention, was "to be submitted to the legal and qualified voters of the State for their adoption or rejection." It was still further provided that it should be submitted "at such time, in such manner, and subject to such regulations as said convention might prescribe." The convention assumed to itself the right of defining who were to be considered as "legal and qualified voters," by requiring an oath in which, with other matter, there was a solemn disclaimer of having aided or sympathized with the rebellion.

The burden of Senator Johnson's letter is to show that the convention had neither authority nor discretion to prescribe any conditions of the kind, least of all conditions so grave and severe as this. His argument to this conclusion takes up nearly the whole of the letter, which purports to give his opinion upon "the constitutionality, legal and binding effect and bearing of the oath." The "constitutionality" of this oath is the only point which he condescends to argue. The "legal and binding effect," as we shall see, is disposed of with most untimely haste and with amazing recklessness of argument and truth.

Having finished his argument and accomplished his chief or sole object, he proceeds to enquire, "But is there any remedy for the wrong done and now about to be consummated?" "Cannot the Governor veto the ordinance?" To this he despairingly replies: he cannot or will not. "But cannot the courts interpose?" Alas! there is no hope from that quarter. Then follow these memorable words: "But the wrong is not without remedy. The people possess the power to reject it. *They can take the oath and vote upon the adoption or rejection of the constitution.* Because the convention transcended its power, as I am satisfied it has, that is no reason why the people should succumb; on the contrary, it should lead them to adopt the only course left to redress the wrong. The taking of the oath under such circumstances argues no willingness to surrender their rights. It is, indeed, the only way in which they can protect them; no moral injunction will be violated by such a course, because the exaction of the oath was beyond the authority of the convention, and as a law is therefore void."

This is all which is suggested concerning "the legal and binding effect and bearing of the oath." Our sole concern is with the opinion expressed or implied in these words. We do not care to discuss the question whether the author is right or wrong in the opinion given and defended so elaborately in regard to the constitutionality of requiring the oath, or any other condition. We will concede that he is right in his view of that point, for it is only on this assumption that the falsehood and evil of the remedy which he suggests can be made to appear. We do not care to imitate the method of argumentation which he adopts—to distract or confuse the minds of our readers by considering two questions when in reality there is only one before us and them.

The remedy "suggested" by Mr. Johnson is, that conceding or assuming that the law requiring the oath is a usurpation and void, the citizen may take it—and "no moral injunction will be violated by such

a course." Or in other words, it is suggested that he may swear falsely, may perjure his soul, may rightfully and innocently declare before God that which is not true. That is, because a man is unlawfully required to swear to something, therefore it is of no consequence to what he swears.

This is a fair interpretation of the remedy which Mr. Johnson suggests. It is true he is very far from using this language. He is far too wily to make the issue in a form so distinct. He phrases the alternative thus: "Because the convention transcended its power, as I am satisfied it has, that is no reason why the people should succumb." Mark the words which he employs. He does not speak of oaths, or of false swearing, or of perjury—but simply says "there is no reason why the people should succumb." He proceeds in the same strain: "On the contrary, it should lead them to adopt the only course left to redress the wrong." Not a word thus far of whether it may be lawful to do the act which he remotely "suggests," but the only question entertained is whether it is possible to assert and defend their invaded rights.

Gathering courage as he proceeds, he ventures to name the act which he has been preparing more distinctly to suggest. "*The taking the oath under such circumstances argues*"—what? No criminal indifference to right doing—no insensibility to commonly acknowledged obligations? Not in the least. This consideration it is not yet time to touch: "but no willingness to surrender their rights." How such a question could come up, except very indirectly, it is not easy to imagine.

But our skilful advocate still will have it that the only question at issue for these distinguished citizens of Maryland is not whether they shall do right, but whether they shall surrender "a right" or "rights," for he adds, "It is indeed the only way to protect them." Having said this, there appears to dawn upon his mind the possible suggestion that "moral" considerations may be involved—that the question may be one of duty and conscience and truth, as well as of expediency and of the surrendering of rights. That suggestion is responded to by a passing homage—by a phrase interposed in the middle of the sentence thus: "*And no moral injunction will be violated by such a course*, because the exaction of the oath was beyond the authority of the convention, and as a law is therefore void." Having delivered himself of this part of a sentence, which is all the recognition which he gives to the rightfulness of the procedure, he seems in haste to have done with this very disagreeable and inconvenient side of the subject, signs himself "with regard, your obedient servant," seals his letter in haste, as we can very easily believe, posts it without delay, and, as it is not uncharitable to suppose, tries to dismiss it from his thoughts.

A special pleader might reply, that Mr. Johnson in no way advises the voters of Maryland to take the oath if they could not honestly swear it truly; that he simply "suggests" that those who can swear to its import with a safe conscience, should waive their protest against the imposition of any oath, and thus reclaim their rights. But if this were his meaning, he should and would have said this precisely. That this was not his meaning, and that his language will not bear this construction, is evident from what he says and from what he "suggests." He says explicitly, "The people possess the power to reject it," etc., the wrong. "They can take the oath and vote upon the adoption and rejection of the constitution." The plain import of this advice is this—the convention have endeavored wrongfully to deprive many of you of your rights by interposing an oath as the condition of your voting, viz., such an oath as many of you, as was thought, could not honestly and therefore would not willingly take. The requirements of an oath as a form which presented no difficulty as to its matter, was surely no such invasion of rights as to occasion the slightest difficulty to a practical people in times of high political excitement. Least of all, the difficulty could not be so serious as to require the dexterous advice of an eminent political casuist to relieve.

That this was not his meaning is obvious still further from the fact that he is very distinctly aware, more so than he likes to think very long upon, that there are "moral injunctions" to be considered, to remove which he writes a long letter. The circumstance that these moral considerations are treated and disposed of under another title, "the recovery and defence of rights," illustrates the skilful sophistry of the adviser, but

does not in the least obscure the meaning and import of the advice which he "suggests." We must confess that the real doctrine of the author is so covertly phrased, and the argument is so daintily handled, that we are at a loss to decide which is the most offensive, the advice which is given or the manner in which it is suggested and enforced. But the doctrine of Mr. Johnson, when expressed in brave and honest English, is this—it being assumed that "the exaction of the oath was beyond the authority of the convention, and as a law is therefore void:" "no moral injunction will be violated" if all the otherwise legal and qualified voters of Maryland should take the oath—whether they can swear to its matter truly or not. The oath is an imposition, the law is a nullity—therefore to obey the one by taking the other by all the people, *i. e.*, the voters of Maryland, is not only not morally wrong, but under the circumstances becomes a sacred duty as the only practicable method of defending their rights. The convention wrongs me, therefore I may wrong my own soul. The exaction of the oath is unauthorized, and therefore I may call God to witness that I have not done what I know that I have done, or that I intend to avoid what I know that I intend to do!

If this reasoning is valid, it follows not only that I may take a false oath, but may commit any other act commonly called a crime, which may be essential, by the act of a usurping government, to the redress of my political wrongs or the recovery of my political rights. I may blaspheme the Creator; may commit adultery or incest or any other "abhorred deed." I may take the life of the provost marshal or the president of the usurping government, provided only that it is the sole remedy against the usurpation, or the only possible means for the recovery or defence of my rights. The end sanctifies the means. It is the old doctrine, with this difference, that it is not "*in gloriam Dei majorem*," but it is simply for the recovery of the rights of a "legal and qualified voter" of the State of Maryland.

But is there no shadow of truth in the doctrine which all right-minded men must instinctively reject? How was it possible that such advice should be given or received? These questions it is always wise in such cases to ask. There is a great principle in political ethics of which Mr. Johnson has availed himself, and has dexterously turned to his ends—whether consciously or unconsciously, it is no concern of ours to decide. Every sophism is the caricature of a valid argument. Every false maxim is the distortion of some sound principle. The axiom which in the present instance is caricatured and turned to the most dangerous use, is the generally received doctrine that a usurping government, so long as the government is not yet established *de facto*, cannot hold the conscience of the citizen or subject to obedience. So long as the protest of non-compliance is likely to be of any advantage, or open resistance may be attended with any prospect of success, the conscience is not only released from obedience, but it may justify open revolt and resistance. If, however, the government is fully established and becomes the government *de facto*, then it binds the conscience *de jure* to peaceable conformity, and to entire abstinence even from all revolutionary agitation. If such a government, or one whose authority has never been questioned, commits usurpation in a single unlawful or unconstitutional act, and the conscience is offended, the subject may disobey, but must suffer the loss or penalty which that disobedience involves.

These are all the cases supposable of rightful resistance to a usurping government. None of these justify in the least the inference drawn by Mr. Johnson, that against a government which usurps authority by requiring an unlawful oath, the citizen may take the oath to a falsehood or with a mental reservation, least of all when the oath is prescribed for the very purpose of making an appeal to the conscience, under sanctions the most solemn conceivable. The universal practice of imposing such oaths in times of change and agitation, as a security against any possible evasion, conclusively proves that the oath is supposed to bind all who take it to the faithful assertion of what is true in fact and the honest avowal of what is purposed in intention. The circumstance that the government is regarded and detested as a usurper has never before been held by any casuist to release from the extra-political obligation to swear to the truth, which is absolute and beyond all release or modification.

Whewell, in his "Elements of Morality," divides oaths into two



classes—"oaths of testimony or assertion, and oaths of promise or engagement for the future." Oaths of assertion impose the duty of "entire sincerity in asserting, without reserve, equivocation, or straining of the truth." Oaths of promise are "inconsistent with a contemplation of the cases of exception, as prominent or frequent." "A person cannot, without the guilt of perjury, take an oath to administer the laws faithfully and justly, if he believe that to administer the laws faithfully will be to commit habitual injustice. A subject cannot swear allegiance to the reigning sovereign if he not only believe him to be a usurper, but if he also be ready to join in a scheme for opposing him if a favorable occasion should arise." "Besides the general moral engagements contained in oaths of office, such oaths often include some specification of a particular subject with a prescribed course of action relative to it." "If a man has entered upon an office engaging himself to a certain course of conduct, and afterwards thinks such conduct wrong, he is bound by justice and truth to give up his office, and cannot dishonestly pursue any other course. The oath of office is the expression of a contract between the body and the individual. If he breaks the contract, and keeps his share of the advantage which it gave, he is guilty of fraud and falsehood, aggravated by perjury." That most liberal of all casuists, St. Alphonsus Maria de Liguori, in his "Moral Theology," finds a few cases in which it is lawful for a person to use equivocation in taking an oath when not lawfully administered; but these are always when the person is brought into court as a respondent or witness. He does not contemplate the case as possible or even conceivable that a man should rush before a magistrate and volunteer to take an oath unlawfully prescribed as a means of defending his political rights. Even Bresenbaum himself, of whom it has been said that if a man desired to commit any crime whatever, he could find some pretext, excuse, or authority for it in his two folio volumes of convenient casuistry, does not suggest the advice of Senator Johnson.

Against the enormity of this doctrine, the whole army of political and religious non-jurors in all ages unite in a protest of scorn and horror. They were men who disdained to take the oath of allegiance to the government which they abhorred, and would scorn still more the convenient and detestable casuistry which would teach that it is lawful to take the oath to a falsehood in order to further their political supremacy, or to defeat the designs of a dominant political party.

We cannot refrain from calling the attention of our readers to the practical demoralization in respect to all political duties and relations which has been at once the cause and the consequent of the late rebellion. A young lieutenant, who had served in the United States Navy, had committed himself to the cause of the insurgents before resigning his commission. Landing at Boston, he was on his way to the South when he was intercepted at New York and brought to the Navy Yard. It was very early in the war, when neither the malignity of the South nor the authority of the lawful Government had as yet been distinctly revealed or asserted. He entreated that he might be allowed to go Southward, as other officers in his condition had done, and affirmed on his honor as a gentleman and an officer that he would make no revelations whatever to the detriment of the Government or the advantage of the rebels. He was ready to take any oath to confirm his word. A veteran commodore, touching the shoulder-strap which he still dared to wear, quietly observed, "You have broken one oath already." The lieutenant was too young in years and too much of a novice in crime not to blush under the deserved reproof.

It was only by the discipline of years that the Southern people were schooled into a practical rejection of their moral obligation to the national Government. It was only by the reiteration by political leaders and spiritual guides of the words "usurpation, tyranny, breach of contract, disregard of Southern rights, violation of the Constitution," etc., that they were ready to break old oaths and to swear new ones to State sovereignty and the inalienable right of secession.

If now the doctrine of Mr. Johnson is received, that usurpation or unlawfulness on the part of the Government, in whole or in part, releases the citizen not only from the common obligation and import of the oath, but to the commission of what, under other circumstances, would be rank perjury concerning truth of fact and honesty of intention,—if this doctrine is even generally suggested and not disowned, the national

Government will do well for a time to dispense with all oaths and all projects of amnesty and reconstruction till the felt necessity of order, protection, and civil liberty shall invest the Government itself with the attribute of sacredness, and render the oath of allegiance too sacred to be a vulgar tool of party warfare.

## Correspondence.

### THE LOSSES OF THE SOUTH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

In calculating the severe losses which "the South" has sustained during the rebellion, it is an almost universal error to include the enfranchisement of the slaves. Four millions of slaves have been or will be liberated; each slave was worth so much before the rebellion; therefore we are told "the South" has lost so many millions of capital. A greater mistake cannot be committed. It is intrinsically the same error, although its application is the reverse, which was committed at the time when the Southern journals and speakers were bent on proving the superior wealth possessed by the South compared to that distributed over the North. The whole slave population was valued at the market price, and thus entered as an item of Southern wealth. The writer of these few lines, then living at the South, endeavored in vain to convince his friends that either they must leave out the slave population as an item of Southern wealth, or else they must value the corresponding free laborers at the North, according to their productive power and skill, and enter them as an item of Northern wealth.

The "loss of the South" took place when capital was invested in the first negroes; that is, money paid for the immigration of productive labor, which the North obtained gratis by the immigration of free white labor. In both portions there was an abundance of land; labor and stock were necessary to make it productive. The South required capital to buy horses, mules, and negroes; the North stood in need of capital to buy the same stock, minus the negro. Here the emigrant offered himself and worked for wages.

In the reverse case—the emancipation of the slave—how does the South lose the value of the slaves? Had we extirpated the whole colored population, then, indeed, the whole capital would have been lost; but why was the field hand worth \$500, or a good black worth \$1,000 or \$1,500? Simply because his productive labor was worth so much. Economically speaking, there is nothing worth any money in a slave, except his productive labor, and this productive labor is not destroyed. Those two arms which wielded the hoe are as live after President Lincoln's proclamation as before. The name of the owner of the living reaping or sowing machine has changed, but the machine is there uninjured. How then can "the South" be said to have lost the whole slave capital? What is "the South?" A community; and the source of wealth, consisting in the productive capacity of the colored population, remains in that community as much so as the productive labor of the serfs remained in Russia after their emancipation by the present Emperor. There were many persons who derided Russian emancipation, but not a single one ever maintained that Russia impoverished herself, in freeing the millions of serfs, by the whole amount of the value of all the serfs. Did the whole of Europe impoverish herself by the abolition of serfdom in the Middle Ages and in modern times? Serfdom, or something much resembling it, existed in Mecklenburg, one of the most productive portions of Germany, down to comparatively recent times, but Mecklenburg, so far from becoming poorer by complete emancipation, has greatly profited by it.

It is not the intention to enter here into the questions, whether the negro, being freed, will labor as much as in slavery; or whether the transition period will not of itself create great loss; or whether individual planters will not be injured. This would require a discussion far beyond the limits of this article, which may be concluded with the simple remark, that whichever way the answers to these questions would turn out, one truth is above all others: political economy, however important, is not the only or the most important of things. Economy alone does not save empires, or raise them. Ruinous slavery was to be abolished, and must be abolished, all wincing of single planters or the trade at large to the contrary notwithstanding.

F. L.

### THE SOCIAL INFLUENCE OF THE NATIONAL DEBT.

SENATOR SHERMAN, in a recent speech, alluded somewhat indistinctly to one or two probable, or perhaps we should rather say possible, consequences of the national debt, which are worthy of more attention than they have received. There is very little doubt that the effect upon society in this country of the means which it supplies of making sure investments will, in the



course of a generation, should the members of the *Herald's* "Roll of Honor" not have paid it off by that time, be very marked.

The difficulty with which, as every observer of American society knows, large or even small fortunes are kept together for any great length of time in the hands of one family, is usually ascribed to the influence of our laws of descent and distribution, or of the democratic atmosphere in which everybody lives upon the minds of testators. The fact is, however, that the liberty of bequest is as great in England as it is here, and the power of entail in many of the States—that of New York for one—is almost as great.

In England the law of primogeniture, which is popularly supposed to be the foundation on which the aristocracy rests, in reality only operates in case of intestacy. In the absence of a family settlement, a testator might cut his estate up into as many parts as he had children. What really gives the eldest son the preference in the transmission of landed property, is not the law, but the feeling of the class. Almost every marriage settlement entails the estate strictly on the eldest son to be born of the union, and when he comes of age he almost invariably joins his father in executing another entail, handing it down to his own eldest son, and so on from generation to generation, the younger children acquiescing in the arrangement with a cheerfulness which is a wonderful illustration of the strength of aristocratic feeling, and the solid satisfaction which people bred in an aristocratic society take in belonging to a great house.

There is nothing in the law to prevent a man desirous of "founding a family" here from doing the same thing. The obstacles to it are to be found not in the statutes but in the public sentiment, which would visit anything of the kind with reprobation, and in the feeling of the children, who would consider any such display of preference for the eldest son a piece of injustice to themselves. The cases in which a man dies intestate, and leaves it to the law to distribute his estate, are too few in number to exercise much influence on the general distribution of property. Nor can the facility and rapidity with which the accumulations of one generation are usually scattered in the next, be ascribed altogether to the practice of dividing fortunes among one's children. This practice prevails in many countries, Holland and France for instance, without causing them to pass out of the hands of the families. There are various ways well known to lovers of money of keeping a fortune amongst persons of the same blood, for many generations in succession, without marking out any one individual for an undue share of it, such as intermarriage, business partnerships, etc. In Holland and in Switzerland large properties have in this way been transmitted in the same line for two or three hundred years without much, if any diminution, often with considerable increase.

In the United States, however, the cases, as everybody knows, are rare in which the grandson of a wealthy man is found in possession of much of the ancestral fortune. The largest properties are generally dissipated inside fifty years, leaving the descendants of those who built them up to begin life as they did, and go through the tug and struggle over again. How few families who in any of the States were rich at the beginning of the present century can now show much evidence of their former splendor! In fact, there are probably more vicissitudes of fortune crowded into half a century in the history of any prominent American family, than into that of any great house in Europe in a century and a half.

Now there is very little question that though much of this is doubtless due to the practice, enforced by public opinion as well as by family feeling, of dividing properties on the death of the owners, a still larger portion of it is due to the uncertain and precarious character of the modes of investment to which executors, administrators, and heirs have hitherto been compelled to resort. Not only does it require great skill and shrewdness, greater than most men possess, to invest money in such a way as to secure any return, but even in such a way as to prevent total loss. This is a difficulty which is of course encountered in every country; but there is in this country an additional and very formidable difficulty created by the rapidity of its growth, the sudden and wonderful changes which take place in the distribution of population, in the nature and location of particular branches of industry, and of the great seats of commerce. Many of the great seaports of thirty or forty years ago are now well-nigh deserted. Regions that at the same period were wholly agricultural are now wholly manufacturing; places that then were forest-covered are now the sites of great cities; lines of travel then much frequented are now totally abandoned; inventions that were then very valuable have since been superseded by others and are now worthless. And this process is constantly going on all over the Union. Even in the same city the value of property in particular quarters changes greatly inside ten or even five years. Capital, too, deserts one locality to settle in another, as it is attracted by the discovery of peculiar natural advantages.

The effect of these changes on investments could be readily imagined, even if it were not seen. Investments which to-day seem most prudent and fortunate, may turn out in ten years fatal mistakes, owing to causes which the shrewdest calculator could neither foresee nor provide against. And this is a danger against which no provisions, however stringent, in a will can furnish any adequate precaution; for unless money can be invested in landed estates rented to farmers, or in government stocks, as in England, much must be left to the judgment of trustees, or even, if nothing is left to their judgment, much must be left to the course of events.

Our national debt, if it remains in existence long enough, will furnish a means of investment which will not be affected either by the fluctuations in the value of property or in the course of trade, let them be ever so violent. The interest on it will be paid in coin, no matter what convulsions may occur in the commercial world or what changes may occur in the distribution of population or capital. So that a family which was determined to keep what it had got, and was not anxious to get more, would find in it an easy means of transmitting a large estate from generation to generation with little or no risk, trouble, or anxiety.

Some of the consequences of this might be very important, socially if not politically. It might create and perpetuate a class, possessing secured wealth and fixed social tastes and habits, which would gradually grow in influence and size as the wealth of the country increased by gathering to itself the sons of all the "new men," and might at last form in each State a sort of aristocracy. Whether such a class could under our institutions secure any political influence is doubtful; but that it would secure a large amount of social influence there is little question; and though in many ways class feeling is highly objectionable, there are some ways in which a class of this kind would render considerable service to American society. It would create and keep up a more correct taste in art and literature by giving large numbers of educated persons time and means for its cultivation; and it would communicate greater fixity to habits, modes of thought, and social usages, by transmitting them from generation to generation.

But to calculate all the consequences that might flow from its existence would force us on a wider field of speculation than we have time or space to enter upon. The subject is an interesting one, and well worthy of discussion.

### THE PARADISE OF MEDIOCRITIES.

THE wits of every age complain of the mediocrity of their times—and always with good reason. It is the vice of France and the Imperial court not less than of England and her aristocracy. What dull mediocrity rules at Berlin, Dresden, and Munich! The progress of civilization seems, indeed, to tend to develop that special combination of defects and of virtues which results in mediocrity, as it certainly tends to promote equality of condition, and to give to the average and undistinguished individual an importance and a position because of his worth as one of the species, utterly without reference to his personal merit. Nowhere is mediocrity more successful, however, than in America; and were it the fashion to erect temples, after the Roman manner, to personified qualities, the shrines erected by her grateful votaries to the goddess *Mediocrity* would be not less numerous than those of *Fortuna Virilis* or *Conserveatrix*. Mediocrity has, no doubt, a good side. It would not be hard to show its advantages. But on a large scale it is bad, and has bad results. It leads in England, for example, to the vice of vices—snobbery. It shows itself here in a low standard of taste, of morals, and of intellectual performance. It leads to shallowness of thought and life, to want of thoroughness in work, to a content with the second-rate, destructive alike of high ambition and of purity of conscience.

It is hard to say it—but there are very few first-rate things in America, and scarcely any first-rate work done here. This is the land of promise; but the phrase becomes ironical when we draw the contrast between the mediocrity that marks the present stage of our national development in so many fields and that superiority to which we look forward, and in which we believe as the genuine and inevitable result of the unimpeded development of democratic society and institutions.

It is a slow process to educate a nation. The good Bostonian who when he dies goes to Paris, will be surprised to find how long he had been contented with the commonplace and dull excellence of the great-hearted little city. But dullness is far more tolerable than shallowness; and shallowness in thought, certainly, and in expression is the marked characteristic of our society. To be agreeably frivolous, to be shallow without emptiness, to have a light touch, is no doubt one of the fine social arts. But there are other arts of society which are unknown, or at least unpractised, here; and to understand their charm and refining influences, one must seek them abroad. Is it that our women are without the ambition to hold a salon? or our men

without sense and spirit? Or is not rather that both the men and the women who, by fortune, by position, by opportunity, might do something to rescue society in our cities from its present base condition, are without that cultivation, do not possess that breeding, which would put them at ease with themselves, and raise them out of the expanding circle of the mediocrities?

So, too, in our scholarship and literature. Three or four years ago, in a number of one of our leading reviews, there were notices of some thirty recently published books. In seventeen of these notices, the epithet "profound" was applied to the work under review. To a reader of judgment, it was plain that this was merely evidence of the shallowness of the books and the shallowness of the critic. There are a few good scholars in America; there are two or three hundred men whose scholarship is of second-rate quality—neither thorough nor extensive—but who have credit for more learning than they possess. Every year the low standard of learning among us is shown by the publication of crude speculations, of second-hand ideas, of cheap acquisitions, which are sure to pass muster with the majority of our self-constituted and half-educated critics. It is our misfortune to have no body of educated men competent to pass correct judgment, and forming a court of final appeal in matters of learning; not an academy, not an organized body, but a scattered band of men of learning and cultivated critics who would leaven the whole mass of popular ignorance. Criticism as a fine art has indeed hardly been practised among us, and yet there is no country where genuine criticism would be of more use, or is more needed. We are quick to learn, we are willing to be instructed, we desire to know. There is little of the slowness or cramp of the Old World in our veins. Our public is neither *bourgeois* nor *philistine*. But alas! shallow critics match shallow authors and shallow scholars, and men who know little are flattered and misled by men who know still less.

Or take our artists. Out of a hundred painters of landscape, who has studied nature so as to paint her in truth? Our pictures, even the best of them, are pretty ornaments for the parlor, or decorations for the dining-room, and not much more. In our exhibitions, how many pieces are there that show either mastery in technical execution, or the deeper power of imagination, or even much sincere and simple feeling? Is it in vain that we ask for better things?

In all branches of work, except in some of the mechanical and manufacturing arts, the same want of thoroughness, the same second-rateness, are obvious. How few of our buildings, for instance, are good either in design or construction? From one end of the United States to the other, we look in vain for specimens of noble building. There are many costly structures, many splendid and showy private houses and public edifices—not one grand piece of architecture, not one work which exhibits the higher moods of a great nation, conscious of its force, desirous to give expression to its sense of its own perpetuity, and to bequeath to future generations the inspiring evidences of its magnanimous designs and successful achievements. We build for the present only, not for the future, and our work has no value as the symbol of our better thoughts, or as a token of our forecasting imagination. We are contented, or if not contented, at least we put up with mediocrity in this as in other things.

New York has, indeed, within the few last years shown the capacity to accomplish works against which no charge of inferiority, want of thoroughness, or want of accomplished skill can be brought, and in so doing has done a service to the whole nation which goes far to redeem the disgrace she has brought on republican institutions by her miserable failure in self-government. The Croton Water Works, the Central Park, the new building for the Academy of Design, are each in its way worthy of any community, and satisfactory examples of thorough and beautiful work. Each is not only the expression of the large and generous spirit of the people, but also of the fidelity and competence of the agents whom it has employed. The Water Works and the Park are truly popular works, such as are befitting and honorable to an enlightened people. They suit the spirit of the times, and are monuments of our modern civilization. They are as characteristic of our age as the cathedrals were of the centuries in which they rose. "There is as much conscience in the making of one of our roads," said Mr. Olmsted, the architect of the Park, "as there ever was in the building of a cathedral."

Such works as these are full of promise. They are not mere offsets to the prevalent vulgarities of "shoddyism," and to the showy pretences of fashionable mediocrity, but they are among the most effective instructors of the public. They educate taste and feeling; they create a demand for similar work, and set a model for future emulation.

But, serviceable as they may be in this way, the instruction they convey is of small moment and amount compared with the lessons on thoroughness which the whole nation has been receiving during the last four years of war.

We began war thinking it might be carried on with the same carelessness as the works of peace. It was a costly and terrible mistake, out of which we have been drilled by defeat, disappointment, and debt. At length we have learned the meaning of *thorough* in war. The lesson will not be wholly forgotten in peace.

Much of the want of thoroughness and the shallowness of thought and work which have been and still are characteristic of the prevalence of mediocrity among us, is due to certain general conditions of our society, and to a temporary but, for the time general, tendency of our institutions. It is to be accounted for in great measure by our newness, by the largeness of the country, and the opportunities and temptations it holds out to rapidity and carelessness of performance. We have had too much work to do in a given time to do it well. We are still in the era of rail fences. Our cities have grown so fast that we have had no time to build them for posterity. We have built cabins of brick, and marble, and granite. We have no right to expect on this continent of day before yesterday the finished solidity of the results of two or three thousand years of civilization. The land of railroads, common schools, and an instructed democracy must for a time be, by the mere force of things, the happy home of flourishing mediocrity. Railroads and common schools are enemies of all feeble originalities. Where education and property are universally diffused, where there is no hereditary lower class, there must be a larger proportion of intelligent mediocrities than in any other country. The average man in America is not up to an appreciation of the best things; he does not want them; but he does want better things than the average man in any other country, and he has an appreciation of good things which is constantly becoming keener.

But though all this is true, and explains in great part the defects which are so conspicuous in our thoughts and life, yet it does not cover the whole ground. Our democracy is not to end in the development of a grand community of mediocrities. This is but its first stage. It is already entering on its second. A nation of mediocrities will not long remain so. A nation where men start on a level, where "every man has a right to be equal with every other man," where every man has "a chance," is not likely to remain for ever the "Paradise of Mediocrities."

#### THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

ONE of the finest possible illustrations of American profuseness has been the liberal endowment during the recent war of the higher institutions of learning. We do not know the whole amount of such contributions, but every statement we have seen regarding them has fallen short of what we know to be the truth. If great emergencies reveal the character of nations as well as of individuals, our reputation as a people for liberality may be regarded as established. Free institutions have not been upheld in this time of conflict by our arms alone. Patriotic men, who could not go with our armies to the fight, have been toiling at home to plant, to build, and to adorn those establishments of learning and education which, in every free country, are the permanent centres of light and influence.

Of all these recent munificent gifts, the most princely is that of Ezra Cornell, a citizen of Ithaca, who has offered to the State of New York more than half a million dollars, and about two hundred acres of land, to aid in the establishment of a university. Such generosity in the lifetime of the giver is almost unexampled. It surpasses the bequests of Astor and Smithsonian, and if it falls below the endowment of Girard, the terms of the gift are wiser and more liberal.

Happily the only conditions imposed by Mr. Cornell are such as the State can well accede to. Indeed, they are already accepted. It was the requirement of the generous donor that the income from the public lands appropriated to New York by act of Congress for the maintenance of scientific schools, should all be bestowed on an institution to be located in Ithaca, which should also be the recipient of the Cornell gift. These terms have been deliberately considered and approved by the Legislature of the State, a charter has been granted, the trustees are appointed, and already we hear of enquiries which are making and of plans which are forming for the new University of the Empire State.

This great benefaction has fallen into the lap of the commonwealth almost unheeded. In the hour of national triumph, a foundation full of promise for generations yet to come, has been laid as quietly as if a bank had been chartered, or the Metropolitan Washing-house had been specially incorporated. We trust that our educated men will watch the structure which is about to be built up on this liberal basis, removing what is ill advised, and strengthening what is well contrived, by all the influence which it is legitimate to exert.

As a contribution to the discussions which this new enterprise is likely



to call out, we lay before our readers an outline of what has now occurred.

Congress, by an act approved in July, 1862, appropriated to every State in the Union a large amount of the public domain, to be devoted to the maintenance of schools of theoretical and practical science. The terms of the bill are vague and comprehensive enough to permit the establishment in every State of such a school or college as will best meet the wants of that particular community, and best fit in with the existing systems of public instruction. The amount of land bestowed on each State is proportioned to the number of its representatives and senators in Congress—thirty thousand acres for every delegate. Thus Connecticut, having four representatives and two senators, receives six times thirty thousand acres. The New York delegation, senators included, numbers thirty-three members, and the State is consequently entitled to nine hundred and ninety thousand acres of land. The scrip for this land must be sold, and the proceeds securely invested, as the capital of the school or schools which may be founded. No portion of principal or income can be expended for buildings. The leading object of the foundation is declared to be "to provide instruction in such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts;" but lest this should seem to be too restricted a course, it is expressly provided that other scientific and classical studies shall not necessarily be excluded. Indeed, the schools may teach whatever will promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions of life.

In each State special legislation is necessary, of course, for the acceptance of the trust. In Massachusetts the fund was divided between the Institute of Technology, established in Boston, and an agricultural school to be opened in Amherst. Rhode Island gave her fund to Brown University. Connecticut appropriated hers to the Sheffield Scientific School, connected with Yale College. Rutgers College was the recipient of the New Jersey portion. In New York the problem was complicated. It is our misfortune or good fortune to have in this State about a score of colleges and incipient universities. The tradition is that, in the early days of the State, some one travelled through it with a classical dictionary in his hand, and gave a classical name to every region which he found nameless. Whether the seeds of liberal culture were thus sown or not, every thriving town in the interior either has a college or expects to have one at an early day. Consequently, when it was evident that the Legislature would have the appropriation of a million of dollars, received from the public lands, every institution *in esse or in posse* was ready for its share. Two institutions, the People's College in Havana and the Agricultural College at Ovid, made special claim to the bounty of the State, for the object of their foundation was said to be identical with the purpose of the grant from Congress. The appropriation was made in 1863 to the school at Ovid, but eager as it was to receive the grant, it was not strong enough to comply with the conditions, and, consequently, after two years' delay, no progress was made in the establishment of the new industrial college. The State was thus seriously embarrassed.

Just here came forward Mr. Cornell. He was known to be a man of enlightened views, unquestioned integrity, and most ample resources. He offered his half million dollars and his two hundred acres of land to the State if the proposed school should be located in Ithaca. The Assembly deliberated. Fortunately the chairman of the Committee on Education in the Senate, before which the business came, was a man wise in suggestions as skillful in negotiations, Senator White of Onondaga. A thorough investigation was made, all parties concerned were heard, there were rogues to be thwarted and honest men to be convinced—but at length a conclusion was reached, the problem was solved, and the Cornell University was established at Ithaca and endowed by public and private gifts with a capital of a million and a half dollars in unencumbered and well invested property.

We will not repeat here the provisions of the bill. They are simple and judicious. A competent board of trustees has the responsibility of devising and executing the right methods of administering the trust. As yet they have not spoken to the public. It is fair to presume that they have not themselves decided the many intricate questions which the very beginning of their work involves.

The amount of money at their control seems large, but it is not adequate to the maintenance of all departments of a thorough university. We trust that no attempt will be made to cover too wide a field. Let the new establishment have a specific aim and character. In one direction let it excel. If necessary, leave other colleges to provide for other wants in the community. Let this be restricted in scope, but perfect in its operation.

We take it for granted that the ancient languages are not to be the principal means of discipline. The shade of Homer may hover with indignation over the modern Ithaca—but it will be in vain. The new university we pre-

sume will not be fettered by precedents, but will mark out for itself a new path, enlightened by the past but adapted to the present. In such a course there are great dangers, but also great advantages. The question is yet to be determined whether, in a higher seminary, the study of natural science, of modern languages, of history, and of political philosophy, may not lead to high intellectual culture, peculiarly fitted for American life.

The question often arises whether the city or the country is the place for the university. Experience shows that learning flourishes alike in the mart and in the field. In a metropolis like New York or Philadelphia or Boston, libraries and scientific collections, and art and eloquence, abound. A country town like Ithaca can offer no such attractions. But quiet hours of study and reflection, simple modes of life, the wholesome and refreshing influences of good scenery, and moderate expenses, seem to be more than a balance for the advantages of a city.

It may be intrusive for us to offer a suggestion to the managers of the new university, but we cannot refrain from doing so when we reflect how constantly in this country one error is repeated. It is not bricks and mortar, but men and books, which constitute a university. We delight in appropriate and decorated architecture. We hope the day has gone by when a row of brick factories will be deemed good enough for college buildings. But we trust that a desire for suitable edifices will not prevent the supply of higher wants. Let first-rate teachers be first secured. Let no expense be spared to secure the highest educational ability which the country will afford. Then, as the scholars assemble, as the courses and plans of the university are developed, let such buildings go up as will best provide for the wants which have been created.

When Prussia had been devastated by the Napoleon wars, Frederick William III. reinstated his capital in all its former glory, and raised it to higher renown by founding the University of Berlin. The building was a plain structure, with enough ill-ventilated lecture rooms for many hundred students. The attraction was the fame of the professors. Stein, and William von Humboldt, and Wolf, and Schleiermacher took part in the foundation, and a host of men not less distinguished have followed in their steps. We trust that at Ithaca an equally good representation of American scholarship will be found, with equally great results.

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Literature.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE numerous readers in America of Miss Muloch's novels and other books may feel interested in learning that their old favorite will no longer entertain them under the same name, owing to her recent marriage. Her husband is Mr. Craik, eldest son of Prof. Craik, of Queen's College, Belfast, well-known by his co-operation in the literary enterprises of Mr. Charles Knight, and his "History of English Literature," presented in such handsome style to the American public by Mr. C. Scribner. Mr. Craik is a gentleman of talent and culture, but has led a retired life, apart from general society, in consequence of being crippled by a railroad accident a few years since. He is several years younger than his bride, who is yet on the sunny side of forty, though the list of her works and the wide extent of fame she has acquired show how the labor of a life can be crowded into the space of a few years, when the will and the ability coincide.

—Messrs. Ticknor & Fields entitle their new and elegant complete impression of Tennyson's poems the "Farringford Edition," from the poet's home of that name in the Isle of Wight. They may now add the cabalistic letters, F.R.S., to his former title of poet-laureate, as he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society at the last meeting of that body, in company with a goodly band of fourteen associates, who are thus analyzed: two physicians, one mathematician, three astronomers, three natural historians, two engineers, one chemist, one geologist, one traveler (Sir L. McClintock), and one poet—the laureate. The composition of this body, which may be called the scientific parliament of England, is carefully guarded from unworthy intrusion, no persons being recommended for election unless they possess some degree of pretension, founded on the cultivation of science, that adapts them for the honor. It would be interesting to know in what branch of philosophical enquiry the tastes of Alfred Tennyson have developed themselves, but as well as we remember, his poetry affords no clue to the question. The Royal Society embraces all science within its domain. There is a fashion, however, in philosophy as well as in more frivolous things, and

its Transactions take their pervading color from the taste of the day. At one time pure mathematics were in the ascendant; to them succeeded researches in physiology and anatomy. At present the most absorbing topics are unquestionably those connected with the operations of the great cosmical agents, as light, heat, electricity, magnetism, etc.—investigations that by their grandeur may well kindle and excite the imagination of the most prosaic of mortals, and add fresh fire to a poet's inspirations.

—Noble authors increase so rapidly in number that a new Horace Walpole is required to chronicle them. The last one in the field is Viscount Milton, the heir of the title and colossal fortune (embracing the domains of the Straffords and Rockinghams of old) now centred in the earldom of Fitzwilliam. The quotation about "scorning delights, and living laborious days" is, perhaps, too hackneyed for longer use, but it aptly expresses the manly vigor of purpose that led a young man thus situated to engage in the search for what is called, in the title-page of his book, "the North-West Passage by land," in reality an expedition from the Atlantic to the Pacific, through British territory, by one of the northern passes in the Rocky Mountains, at a much higher latitude than had ever before been traversed in that region. Lord Milton's companion was a Cambridge B.A., Mr. W. B. Cheadle. The hardships suffered by them were very great, in spite of all the appliances that civilization could command in a district so desolate and untrodden. Though some stress is laid on the commercial utility of the discovery, it is probably most memorable as solving a problem in physical geography and bringing out prominently the good qualities of "pluck" and endurance, the common property of the Anglo-Saxon race. The narrative of the expedition forms a handsome volume, well illustrated with sketches and maps of the route.

—The great event of the present season, in London, to book collectors is undoubtedly the sale of the library of Mr. George Offor—as that of the dramatic and literary collections of Mr. Daniel was of the previous year. Mr. Offor was famous in England and America for the extent and variety of his collection of rare and curious editions of the Bible in all languages, but principally of the English versions from the days of Tyndale and Coverdale downward. The entire sale comprises nearly four thousand lots, and will occupy eleven days in their disposal; of this number twelve hundred lots relate alone to the Bible. They form an assemblage perfectly unique, embracing undescribed or little known editions of the Bibles of Cranmer, Coverdale, Mathewes, etc., the Testaments of Tyndale, Geneva, etc., and hundreds of similar black-letter relics that testify to the untiring energy of the early Reformers, while their scarcity proves how sharply the contest was maintained by the dominant Church party, who sought to destroy every vestige that told of free enquiry while they had the power to do so. It is well known that the vote of one executor only prevented the sale in one lot of Mr. Daniel's library to a wealthy and spirited American amateur, at an expense considerably exceeding (in the existing state of the currency) one hundred thousand dollars. It is equally certain that many of Mr. Offor's choicest treasures are destined to find a resting-place in the United States. Recently Dr. Henry Cotton, the accomplished bibliographer, speaks, in one of his works, of "the steady and strong tide which is fast carrying many of our rarest and most curious books to the western shores of the Atlantic, and depositing them at New York and Boston." This tide is now flowing more vigorously than ever, and Biblical collectors, as Mr. Lenox, of New York, and Mr. Geo. Livermore, of Boston, are pretty certain to avail themselves of so rare an opportunity. Another *specialité* of Mr. Offor's was the Works of John Bunyan. No less than five hundred and sixteen lots of editions of his writings, or books illustrative of them, occur on the catalogue. Among them is Bunyan's own Bible, given to his son Joseph, and another book with his autograph, written during his unlettered days, in primitive fashion—"John Bunyan is Boock." Mr. Offor was the editor of the best edition of Bunyan's works, and had made a diligent use of these rare volumes. Another unique book is the study and pulpit Bible of the famous Nonconformist divine, Richard Baxter, with autographic memoranda and list of the births and deaths of his family. The catalogue, made out with great care, forms an attractive book of over three hundred pages. The sale is now progressing, and we shall give the prices brought by some of the rarer articles in a future number.

—The literature of the rebellion in England culminates, and in all probability ends, in "Belle Boyd in Camp and Prison," a narrative recently published, to which the indefatigable George A. Sala, moved apparently by motives of gallantry, contributes an introduction. He entreats the public favor for her as "a warm-hearted, impulsive, and brave woman of the South," who dashed into the field, maddened by the wrongs and cruelties inflicted on her people, etc., etc. Though sufficiently bitter against the

North, Miss B. B. (or Mrs. Hardinge) is hardly so foolish as her advocate, and confesses that both her deeds and her sufferings have been overrated. Her heroic career began with shooting a Federal soldier who had insulted her mother, a story that, *if true* (for particulars are carefully avoided), was a strange act for a sensitive, refined girl at the age of seventeen. Her principal achievement after this was the conveyance of contraband information to Stonewall Jackson on a critical occasion that enabled him to surprise the United States troops in the Shenandoah Valley. The account of the Belle's imprisonment in the Old Capitol Prison at Washington affords unwilling testimony to the clemency exercised by the Government in its dealings with one who gloried in the functions of a spy. Scarcely a grain of historical truth can be winnowed from the heap of ill-tempered and untrustworthy gossip of which the work consists. It is valueless except as a means of practising on the credulity of John Bull, and is not worth a reprint.

—The genius of M. Doré, the French artist, is now fully appreciated in England, where the impression from the original wood-cuts of his illustrated edition of Don Quixote, issued in monthly numbers, has met with immense success, and we believe counts a very large number of subscribers in the United States. Though the acquaintance with Spanish life, scenery, costume, manners, etc., displayed in these illustrations is something wonderful, the conception of the hero is unsatisfactory, and few will rank the "Don Quichotte" highest among M. Doré's productions. We are glad to see that an edition of his far superior "Dante" illustrations, accompanied by Cary's translation of the "Divina Commedia," is announced in London by the same publishers, Messrs. Cassell & Co., who are stimulated to the effort by the extensive patronage awarded to the Don Quixote. Though still a very young man (born in 1833), M. Doré has displayed already a fertility of invention and execution such as the world has never before seen, and in fact such as it is difficult for the mind to comprehend. In an essay on his characteristics as an author written by a friend and fellow painter, Mr. Hamerton, last year, the number of his published designs was estimated at more than *forty thousand*, and these, many of them, among the largest and most elaborate drawings ever made for book illustrations. His easel pictures are also numerous. M. Doré is now engaged in illustrating the Bible for a publishing firm who intend to excel in its production every previous embellished book.

—The earliest of our private printing associations, "The Bradford Club," has just brought out, in limited number for its members only, a volume that should possess special attractions for every Enickerbocker. It is "Anthology of New Netherland, or Translations from the Early Dutch Poets of New York (Steedam, Selyns, De Sille), with Memoirs of their Lives, by Henry C. Murphy." How completely the memory of these classics of a country "that knew of none" had faded away from the recollection of their ungrateful posterity, it is needless to say. To the researches of Mr. Murphy, our best scholar in all that relates to the literature of Holland, while Minister at the Hague their rehabilitation is due; and their second lease of fame bids fair to be more lasting than the first. The Bradford Club have in hand, we learn, a work that will be a proper tribute to the worthy from whom they derive their name—William Bradford, the first printer of the Province of New York. It is a catalogue *raisonné* of all the known productions of his press yet extant, with fac-similes, and got up in a manner worthy of the subject and its undertakers.

—Though something more than a mere literary man, Sir Joseph Paxton had sufficient connection with books to insure a place for the record of his recent death among the losses sustained by literature, art, and science. He was physically and mentally a fine specimen of the working classes from whence he rose, and, as far as their peculiar attribute of labor is concerned, to which he continued to belong during his busy and well occupied life. When working as laborer for a few shillings a week in the Horticultural Society's Gardens at Chiswick, his intelligence and civility attracted the notice of the Duke of Devonshire, who appointed him head gardener at Chatsworth. Here he gradually succeeded to the stewardship and entire management of the Duke's large Derbyshire estates. The exigencies of the ducal conservatories finally led to the erection of the great iron and glass structure for the accommodation of the "Victoria Regia" that gave the hint for Paxton's design for the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park, and ensured its reception and the consequent rejection of 233 other plans. He was knighted after this great success, practised as an architect, and sat in Parliament as member for Coventry, still continuing his honorable connection with the Duke of Devonshire, who presented him shortly before his own death with a life policy for £20,000. His "Magazine of Botany" in 15 volumes, and "Flower Garden," are among the most beautiful illustrated works of the kind, and his other contributions to the literature of his favorite science were numerous.



and valuable. Sir J. Paxton was born in 1803, and died on the 8th of June last.

—The obituary of the month includes also the name of another man of science intimately connected with the annals of Polar exploration, whose theatre has been this continent. Sir John Richardson commenced his career as a surgeon in the navy. The spirit and energy displayed by him when in the service pointed him out as a proper companion for Sir John Franklin, whom he accompanied in two Arctic expeditions; and he subsequently undertook the charge of one of the parties despatched in the vain search for traces of his former comrade, spending altogether seven years in these regions. Few accounts of human endurance equal in interest Sir J. Richardson's narrative of the sufferings sustained by himself and companions from the failure of the means of sustenance during his first overland journey. The striking account he gives of the shooting of the Indian guide who had played them false, and was only waiting the gradual exhaustion of the survivors to appropriate to himself their property, etc., is a situation of more than dramatic interest, simply and earnestly told, that must live in the memories of all who have once read it. Sir J. Richardson's labors, in illustration of the Polar natural history, were important. They are summed up in his large work, "Fauna Borealis Americani." Sir John married a niece of Franklin's, and died in a pleasant retirement in the Lake country, at Grassmere, after a life of energetic labor.

—Sir Lascelles Wrexall, whose death is also chronicled in June, at the age of thirty-seven, inherited the baronetcy conferred on his grandfather of memoir-writing fame with but little to support it. He commenced life in the army, but latterly took up the career of a *littérateur*, and displayed at this vocation a commendable industry in the absence of higher qualities. His books, produced within a few years, are numerous enough to fill the shelf of a circulating library; and, with the possible exception of his "Memoirs of Queen Caroline Matilda of Denmark," can scarcely aspire to a more lengthened existence. The sole connection of his literary ancestor with public affairs was derived from his participation in an attempt to rescue from imprisonment this ill-fated sister of George III., and some original materials derived from this source give permanent value to the work.

—Among recently published scientific works in England is an elaborate monograph by Mr. R. A. Proctor of the planet "Saturn and its System." His attention was called to the subject by the anomalies presented by the physical conditions of that body, and after years of study and observation he propounds a hypothesis that explains more fully than any other the phenomena of its unique rings. He believes they are not continuous bodies, either solid or fluid, but a multitude of loose, disconnected secondary planets, grouped like a bead necklace round its equatorial regions, just as if we were furnished, not with one moon, but as many moons as would span the whole earth. Whether or not a scientific truth, this is a fine poetical idea, illustrating in a striking manner our conceptions of the lavish opulence of nature's plan. Mr. Proctor is of St. John's College, Cambridge, the institution which produced Mr. Adams, the co-discoverer of the planet Neptune, and famous for the eminence of its mathematicians and astronomers in a community where all are scientific.

—The interest attaching to bibliography, not in regard to the fantastic fopperies that usually pass under that name, but as a study of the sources of knowledge, is increased by the impossibility of a subject being exhausted by the labors of any one individual, and the constant opportunities afforded by its pursuit for fresh discoveries. Thus Mr. Henry G. Bohn, who probably has more active working knowledge of books than any other man alive, had published only a year or two since a bibliography of Shakespeare, in his own words, "elaborated up to an extreme point," when Mr. Thimm, an intelligent foreign bookseller of London, brings out "Shakesperiana from 1564 to 1864," which adds at least one hundred and twenty English works to Mr. Bohn's list, and nearly three hundred in the German and French departments. Mr. Thimm's book also contains interesting sketches of the progress of Shakespearian criticism in England, Germany, and France, embracing many facts new to English readers. It appears certain that even in the lifetime of Shakespeare his plays were represented in Germany by English strolling actors, and were speedily adapted to the German popular stage. Critics, however, lived in a higher sphere, and ignored the existence of these favorites of the people. Morhof, writing in 1682, said that John Dryden had written with much erudition on "Dramatica Poesi," but of Shakespeare he confesses he knows nothing. Fifty years later Bodmer, a German critic of great celebrity, was acquainted only with the name (and not rightly that) of an English poet, "Saspar" or "Sasper." Even his first translator, Wieland, pronounces his plays to be "full of chaff and empty straw." Intelligent criticism commences with Lessing and Nicolai about 1760. In France

Voltaire was the first person who spoke of Shakespeare's "barbarous genius" with a warmth that offended the literary public of the day, that could bear no approach to rivalry of its established faith in Racine and Corneille. Since that time about twelve different French versions evince a more liberal estimate of literary merit.

—The new work of Mr. Grote, "Plato, and the other companions of Sokrates," proves to be a book well justifying the labor of years bestowed upon it, and second only in importance to the same writer's "History of Greece." Though a reprint is promised, the sight of the three bulky volumes makes us fear that an American edition may be postponed till a more convenient season, when paper is cheaper and printers' wages lower than at present. The writer's purpose is to exhibit, at its full height, the activity of Greek speculative thought, as contrasting and supplementing the political and social manifestations that form the matter of history proper. Two chapters sketch the pre-Socratic philosophy, preparatory to the full and exhaustive review and analysis of the life, writings, and opinions of Plato that form the body of the work. As Sokrates wrote nothing, it is to Plato that recourse must be had for the full scope and purpose of his philosophy, rather than to Xenophon, who, though a faithful reporter, presents us with the practical side of the sage, and "never soars high in the regions of ideal-ity, or grasps at ethereal visions, like Plato." Another book, of which Aristotle is the hero, is promised by Mr. Grote, should his health permit its execution. He will then have accomplished the purpose he has set before him, to delineate the originality and grandeur of Greek philosophy, as exemplified in its two principal heroes, while yet it was purely Hellenic, unmixed by any amalgamation with Oriental veins of thought—"before (in the happy language of the writer) the Orontes and the Jordan had yet begun to flow westward and impart their own color to the waters of Attica and Latium."

—The reprint of Mr. Collier's "Account of the Rarest Books in the English Language," alluded to last week, has been undertaken by Mr. David G. Francis, of 506 Broadway, who is now receiving the names of subscribers to the limited edition that he purposes to issue. The work will be executed at the Cambridge Riverside Press, forming four handsome volumes of the size well known by its adoption for the standard works proceeding from the same establishment. It will not be stereotyped, and only a sufficient number will be printed to supply the probable demand. All students of Shakespeare will find in this book the fullest exhibition of the literature contemporary with the great dramatist—from whence the only satisfactory illustrations of his writings can be drawn—that has ever been brought together by unequalled opportunities for research and untiring vigor in the pursuit. It is the last and most important offering of a literary veteran in elucidation of the studies that his life has been too brief to exhaust.

—After the sale of four editions of Lord Derby's translation of "The Iliad" without alteration, he has submitted the fifth impression to revision, profiting, no doubt, by the critical opinions called forth by his work. The alterations are said to be very slight and unimportant, so that the book may now be presumed to take its permanent and acknowledged place in English literature. Its reception in the United States has been so cordial that we understand an edition in the popular "blue and gold," or small pocket size, is in preparation by the American publisher, in addition to the handsome library copy already issued.

#### FORSYTH'S CICERO.\*

In these volumes, which are elegantly reprinted from the London edition, Mr. Forsyth, well known as author of "Hortensius," "Napoleon at St. Helena" and "Sir Hudson Lowe," "History of Trial by Jury," presents a new biography of Cicero, not only as an orator and politician, but as a private man, speaking and acting like other men in the ordinary affairs of life. The work is faithfully done according to the author's capacity. The letters of Cicero have been diligently studied, and the labors of the most recent scholars, English and German, have been carefully used. The style is easy, natural, occasionally piquant, never florid or highly adorned, but business-like rather, and with a certain raciness as of actual life which holds the attention. An extensive acquaintance with the history of legal usages enables Mr. Forsyth to explain the Roman customs in a way that makes them intelligible to the ordinary reader, and places him in the midst of the political and social world of the great city as no other writer has done. His book, however, is gravely deficient in literary art. While it is composed without affectation, it is composed entirely without elegance. There

\* "Life of Marcus Tullius Cicero. By William Forsyth, M.A., Q.C." Two Vols. With Illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1865.

is not a flash of brilliancy in both the volumes. The writer of a biography like this may not only be permitted to indulge in an occasional play of imagination or fancy, it is expected and demanded of him that he shall light up his picture with all the glory he can legitimately command. The actual scenery of Cicero's life was attractive, often gorgeous, and it was exceedingly diversified. His working time was spent in the city of Rome; his months of leisure were passed at his different villas, which were placed amid the loveliest landscapes of Southern Italy. But we have in these pages no picture of Rome, or of any part of it, not even of the Forum or the Capitol; and the reader's fancy tries in vain to bring up any one of those delicious residences among the mountains or by the sea whose names are associated for ever with philosophy, letters, and elegant hospitality. Merivale's history is level almost to monotony. We read his calm judicial pages, thirsting as we go along for the sparkling fountain of poetic feeling. But Merivale is a splendid artist compared with Forsyth. His descriptions of Cicero's villa, overlooking the Campagna, of the retreat of Tiberius at Capri, of Caesar's triumphal procession into Rome, would together, or even singly, make Mr. Forsyth's literary fortune. To write about a famous Italian and leave out Italy is unpardonable.

The author's legal accomplishments are a disadvantage to him as well as an advantage. He gives undue space to the law cases which Cicero undertook, and dwells with tedious and pedantic minuteness on points as little calculated to interest the reader in Mr. Forsyth as in Cicero. The "profession" crops out with a prominence that is needless, and not seldom impertinent, as when it seems to assume that none but lawyers are capable of making ethical discriminations in the simplest questions.

A graver fault than either of those we have mentioned is, in our judgment, the absence of a suitable historical background for the display of his main figure. A great historical personage should be surrounded by the historical personages and scenes whereof he made a part, if he is to be fairly seen in his just proportions. There must be something like a *mise en scène* skilfully arranged. Mr. Forsyth should have given us a condensed, but firm and vivid sketch of the Empire as it was when Cicero lived, of the men who were passing off the stage on one side and of the men who were coming on to the stage from the other. He does nothing of the kind. He is content with adverting, in a cursory way, to the passages in which his hero played a part, leaving wide spaces of the story unfilled with record or comment, so that we are obliged to take a succession of leaps from one episode to another, very disagreeably conscious that we are losing a great many things that we ought to know before we can intelligently proceed. The reader who is unfortunately ignorant of Roman history, as most readers are, will find himself in the condition of a man picking his way across a marsh, wondering how he reached his actual footing, and wondering yet more how he is to leave it for another.

In treating the character of Cicero himself, Mr. Forsyth exhibits a fairness and candor which we can hardly praise more than they deserve. He is no eulogist; he is not even an apologist. He has no passion, and probably finds it easy to hold the scales of an impartial judgment. He speaks more severely of Middleton, the fulsome panegyrist, than of Drumann or Mommsen, the steady depreciators of the man he celebrates. He has clearly studied for himself; and he judges for himself; and he would rather his readers should follow his example than accept his criticism. He dilates on Cicero's vanity—smiles at his eagerness to perpetuate the memory of his great consulship by a Greek and a Latin history, and by a poem, all from his own hand—calls attention to the absurdity of his figure, as he wanders about with his troublesome lictors, cherishing "his idle and silly dream" of a triumph he did not deserve—and laughs a little grimly at his declining the perilous embassy to Antony on the ground that his life was too precious to the state to be sacrificed. He reports some of his jokes with due apology for their worthlessness and due rebuke of their indecency. He details several cases of insincerity—amounting to dishonor and falsehood—and does not spare his condemnation. He mentions the orator's cool proposal to deny the authorship of a speech which was making him unpopular—refers to his letter to the historian whom he pressed to write a history of the famous consulship, and to write it without regard to literal facts, but with such a latitude of panegyric as would go beyond his private estimate of the actor's merit—and narrates fairly the defence of Gabinius, in the course of which he came forward "as a witness to the character of a man whom he had branded with every term of opprobrium and contempt." He quotes with astonishment the orator's flattering letter to Appius, whom, in another letter to his friend Atticus, he had charged with every kind of outrage as a governor, with every form of vice as a man. He characterizes as "abject flat-

tery" a short oration delivered to Caesar, the man whom of all others he hated, and whose assassination later was a cause of rejoicing to him. He expresses manly disgust at his complimentary letter to Antony, complying with a request which, as he wrote to Atticus, "showed such disgraceful baseness on Antony's part, that he sometimes almost wished to have Caesar back;" and he is astonished at finding Cicero on the most intimate terms with the infamous Dolabella, cracking jokes at his table, and doing his best to ingratiate himself with the victorious party of Caesar, justifying his course at the same time by the plea that he must march with the time. He makes no attempt to extenuate Cicero's conduct in the case of *Scaptius vs. Inhabitants of Salamis*, in which case he connived at an atrocious swindle of the Salaminians, in order to gratify the "impudent request" of a personal friend. Nor does he expect us to be other than shocked that the great man should have selected as a husband for his daughter "a profligate young nobleman, one of the worst men or that bad age," who was, moreover, married when he first set his heart on him. That Cicero, seeing through Pompey, as he showed that he did at last, discovering that he was in all respects as ambitious as Caesar himself, having full revelation of his horrible purpose to invade Italy with legions of foreign barbarians and lay it waste with fire and sword,—that Cicero, understanding this, and feeling all the atrocity of it, should still cling to his former idol, and give as a reason for his allegiance that it would be ungrateful to abandon the man who had conferred so many favors on him, strikes Mr. Forsyth, as it must strike everybody, with wonder at the great moralist who could so interpret his duty, with amazement at the patriot who could thus put his personal feeling before his country's safety, with scorn of the man whose personal honor could hesitate in such an emergency to choose between principle and prejudice.

And to counterbalance these terrible defects, as he himself displays and pronounces them, Mr. Forsyth puts forward—what? Cicero's amiability and kindness of disposition, his conscientiousness in the discharge of the routine of his duty, his exemplary, generous, even noble conduct as quaestor in Sicily and as proconsul in Asia Minor, his courage on the occasion of the Catilinian conspiracy, and his magnificent audacity as the deliverer of the philippics against Antony. His military exploits he passes lightly over, hardly awarding to them their merited praise, under the circumstances; and his real grandeur as a man of thought scarcely attracts his attention. Surely this leaves the argument weak in favor of Cicero. And yet, our author records his judgment that "Cicero loved his country with a passionate affection;" that "he never could act boldly unless his conscience was at ease;" that "in the civil war between Caesar and Pompey he was always haunted with the idea that he might be deciding wrong;" that "his moral instinct was too strong to allow him to resort to means of which his conscience disapproved;" that "his constant aim was to do right;" that "his standard of morality was as high as it was perhaps possible to elevate it by the mere light of nature, and to fall below that standard made him feel dissatisfied with himself and ashamed."

We submit that this verdict does not accord with the evidence as laid before us by Mr. Forsyth himself. It is very easy to say that Cicero's vanity "was after all a harmless failing;" but was it a harmless failing that kept him on two occasions from going on important embassies because in his conceit the state could not spare him? Was it a harmless failing that led him to desire that history might be falsified for the glorification of his consulship? Was it a harmless failing that kept him dawdling about in the vain expectation of a military triumph when urgent public affairs required his attention?

"The chief fault of Cicero's moral character was a want of sincerity," says Mr. Forsyth, in a careless tone, as if he were speaking of some slight foible. But, in the course of his narrative, that "want of sincerity" betrays Cicero into actions which, in such a man, must be characterized as crimes and turpitudes that can neither be justified nor pardoned.

"He was one of the most forgiving of men, and it was in perfect sincerity that he uttered the noble sentiment that he was not ashamed to confess that his enmities were mortal and his friendships eternal." But that "noble sentiment" was uttered in a speech wherein he undertook to justify his unprincipled defence of Gabinius—of which speech, at that particular passage, Mr. Forsyth remarks, "Brave words, but, after all we know of the circumstances, they cannot be accepted as true." Nor must it be forgotten, in speaking of the "forgiveness," that Cicero spoke with disgusting levity of Caesar's assassination, and prayed that the gods would damn his soul.

Cicero was a trimmer. Mr. Forsyth quotes from Macrobius the story that Laberius, a knight, when looking for a seat at the theatre, was accosted by the orator, who said, "I would take you in here if I had room," on which Laberius replied, "What! you have no room! I am surprised at that, for you commonly sit on two stools." Our author rebuts the charge of irresolu-



tion by an appeal to the decision exhibited in the contest with Catiline, and in the final struggle with Antony. But the resolution in these cases was spasmodic rather than constitutional. In the conflict with Catiline, Cicero was nerved to the utmost by personal ambition, which seized this open opportunity for aggrandizement; and in the contest with Antony he was strung up to the highest pitch by personal ambition, which could not bear to forfeit a fame so dearly won. In the first instance he had a reputation to make; in the second a reputation to save. Cicero had no steadfastness. He could not be trusted either to counsel, to lead, or to follow. The conspirators against Cesar did not sound him, because they were not sure of him. He could not forget himself either his personal safety or his personal fame. Each party wanted him, and each party thought it could have him; but no party could hold him, for success was fluctuating, and his allegiance wavered with fortune.

As compared with other great men of his age, Cicero was certainly a man of extraordinary private virtue. He was not cruel; he was not rapacious; he was not licentious; he was not intemperate in meat and drink; he was not a tyrant in his family; he was capable of at least one constant friendship, that with Atticus. His private and domestic life are, on the whole, rather lovely to contemplate in that hideous age. But when we seek the real greatness of Cicero, we find ourselves instinctively turning away from the actor in human affairs to the thinker on themes that concern all mankind; from the vacillating politician to the patriot whose love of country was certainly purer than was common in his time; from the jealous competitor for the paltry distinctions of the Roman populace to the sage whose comprehensive mind could in the day of trouble breathe the atmosphere of serene ideas and sweep the whole horizon of speculative thought; from the vain courtier of the powerful and the base to the noble moralist whose conceptions of human dignity and duty are worthy of an advanced Christian age.

We complain of Mr. Forsyth that he does his hero less than justice by trying to vindicate him on grounds of ordinary morality, instead of throwing about his person the glory of his illuminated and illuminating mind. He rates him too high as an individual; he rates him too low as an intelligence. Merivale is more just, and more generous, too, though less indulgent. Merivale's verdict is terribly severe, but his tribute is magnificent. Cicero, he says, "is convicted from his own mouth of vanity, inconstancy, sordidness, jealousy, malice, selfishness, and timidity." "From his pages there flows an incessant stream of abuse of all the great masters of political power in his time." "He certainly left on his contemporaries an unfavorable impression of the qualities of his heart." "To the pursuit of fame he sacrificed many interests and friendships." "He had no nice sense of honor, and was controlled by no delicacy of sentiment, where public opinion was silent, or a transaction strictly private." But Merivale does not forget that Cicero is his own most cruel accuser, and has unconsciously submitted his character to a test under which none but saintly characters could stand. Those letters to Atticus, in which he speaks to his bosom friend with a frankness which few people indulge in even in their secret closets, furnish the material for his condemnation. The generous mind is half inclined to overlook faults thus disclosed. There is something mean in bringing against a man the secrets of the confessional; and while we cannot help noting the confession, we let the frankness that uttered them dim the impression they make.

And while Cicero's avowal of his moral weaknesses is a palliation of his weaknesses, it is positively and grandly to his credit that we find ourselves judging him by a higher moral standard than we apply to other distinguished men of antiquity. There is that in him that demands this at our hands. We feel after all that his was a great intellect and a great soul. We bear testimony to something lovely in his character, high in his aspiration, noble in his precept, beyond all ancient example. To use the language of Merivale, "Cicero lived and died in faith. He made converts to the belief in virtue, and had disciples in the wisdom of love." We feel no compunction in applying to the man what Quintilian says of the orator: "You may be sure that you are in the way of improvement if Cicero is your favorite."

#### MISS MACKENZIE.\*

WE have long entertained for Mr. Trollope a partiality of which we have yet been somewhat ashamed. Perhaps, indeed, we do wrong to say that we have entertained it. It has rather usurped our hospitality, and has resisted several attempts at forcible expulsion. If it remains, therefore, in however diminished vigor, we confess that it will be through our weakness.

Miss Mackenzie is a worthy gentlewoman, who, coming at the age of

thirty-six into a comfortable little fortune, retires to enjoy it at a quiet watering-place, where, in the course of time, she is beset by a brace of mercenary suitors. After the lapse of a year she discovers that she holds her property by a wrongful title, and is compelled to transfer it to her cousin, a widowed baronet, with several children, who, however, gallantly repairs the injury thus judicially inflicted, by making her his wife. The work may be qualified, therefore, in strictness, as the history of the pecuniary embarrassments of a middle-aged spinster. The subject has, at least, the charm of novelty, a merit of which the author has wisely appreciated the force. We had had heroines of many kinds, maidens in their teens, yea, even in their units, and matrons in their twenties, but as yet we had had no maidens in their thirties. We, for our part, have often been called upon to protest against the inveterate and excessive immaturity of the ladies in whose fortunes we are expected to interest ourselves, and we are sincerely grateful to Mr. Trollope for having practically recognized the truth that a woman is potentially a heroine as long as she lives. To many persons a middle-aged woman in love trenches upon the ridiculous. Such persons may be reassured, however, that although there is considerable talk about this passion in "Miss Mackenzie," there is very little of its substance. Mr. Trollope has evidently been conscious of the precarious nature of his heroine's dignity, and in attempting to cancel the peril to which it is exposed, he has diminished the real elements of passion. This is apt to be the case in Mr. Trollope's stories. Passion has to await the convenience of so many other claimants that in the end she is but scantily served. As for action, we all know what we are to expect of Mr. Trollope in this direction; and the admirers of "quiet novels," as they are somewhat euphuistically termed, will not be disappointed here. Miss Mackenzie loses her brother, and assumes his property: she then adopts her little niece, takes lodgings at Littlebath, returns a few visits, procures a seat at church, puts her niece at school, receives a few awkward visits from a couple of vulgar bachelors, quarrels with her pastor's wife, goes to stay with some dull old relatives, loses her money, falls out with the dull relatives, is taken up by a fashionable cousin and made to serve in a fancy fair, and finally receives and accepts an offer from another cousin. Except the acquisition and loss of her property, which events are detailed at great length, she has no adventures. Her life could not well be more peaceful. She certainly suffers and enjoys less than most women. Granting, however, that the adventures entailed upon her by her luckless £800 a year are such as may properly mark her for our observation and compensate for the lack of incidents more dramatic, Mr. Trollope may consider that he has hit the average of the experience of unmarried English ladies. It is perhaps impossible to overstate the habitual monotony of such lives; and at all events, as far as the chronicler of domestic events has courage to go in this direction, so far will a certain proportion of facts bear him out. Literally, then, Mr. Trollope accomplishes his purpose of being true to common life. But in reading his pages, we were constantly induced to ask ourselves whether he is equally true to nature; that is, whether in the midst of this multitude of real things, of uncompromisingly real circumstances, the persons put before us are equally real. Mr. Trollope has proposed to himself to describe those facts which are so close under every one's nose that no one notices them. Life is vulgar, but we know not how vulgar it is till we see it set down in his pages. It may be said therefore that the emotions which depend upon such facts as these cannot be too prosaic; that as prison discipline makes men idiots, an approach, however slight, to this kind of influence perceptibly weakens the mind. We are yet compelled to doubt whether men and women of healthy intellect take life, even in its smallest manifestation, as *stupidly* as Miss Mackenzie and her friends. Mr. Trollope has, we conceive, simply wished to interest us in ordinary mortals; it has not been his intention to introduce us to a company of imbeciles. But, seriously, we do not consider these people to be much better. Detach them from their circumstances, reduce them to their essences, and what do they amount to? They are but the halves of men and women. The accumulation of minute and felicitous circumstances which constitutes the modern novel sheds such a glamour of reality over the figures which sustain the action that we forbear to scrutinize them separately. The figures are the generals in the argument; the facts are the particulars. The persons should accordingly reflect life upon the details, and not borrow it from them. To do so is only to borrow the contagion of death. This latter part is the part they play, and with this result, as it seems to us, in "Miss Mackenzie." It is possible that this result is Mr. Trollope's misfortune rather than his fault. He has encountered it in trying to avoid an error which he doubtless considers more pernicious still, that of overcharging nature. He has doubtless done his best to give us the happy middle truth. But ah, if the truth is not so black as she is sometimes painted, neither is she so pale!

\* "Miss Mackenzie. A novel. By Anthony Trollope." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1865.

We do not expect from the writers of Mr. Trollope's school (and this we esteem already a great concession) that they shall contribute to the glory of human nature; but we may at least exact that they do not wantonly detract from it. Mr. Trollope's offence is, after all, deliberate. He has deliberately selected vulgar illustrations. His choice may indeed be explained by an infirmity for which he is not responsible: we mean his lack of imagination. But when a novelist's imagination is weak, his judgment should be strong. Such was the case with Thackeray. Mr. Trollope is of course wise, in view of the infirmity in question, in devoting himself to those subjects which least expose it. He is an excellent, an admirable observer; and such an one may accomplish much. But why does he not observe great things as well as little ones? It was by doing so that Thackeray wrote "Henry Esmond." Mr. Trollope's devotion to little things, inveterate, self-sufficient as it is, begets upon the reader the very disagreeable impression that not only no imagination was required for the work before him, but that a man of imagination could not possibly have written it. This impression is fostered by many of Mr. Trollope's very excellences. A more richly-gifted writer would miss many of his small (that is, his great) effects. It must be admitted, however, that he would obtain on the other hand a number of truly great ones. Yet, as great effects are generally produced at present by small means, Mr. Trollope is master of a wide field. He deals wholly in small effects. His manner, like most of the literary manners of the day, is a small manner. And what a strange phenomenon, when we reflect upon it, is this same small manner! What an anomaly in a work of imagination is such a chapter as that in which our author describes Mrs. Tom Mackenzie's shabby dinner party. It is as well described as it possibly could be. Nothing is omitted. It is almost as good as certain similar scenes in the "Book of Snobs." It makes the reader's ear tingle and his cheeks to redden with shame. Nothing, we say, is omitted; but, alas! nothing is infused. The scene possesses no interest but such as resides in the crude facts: and as this is null, the picture is clever, it is faithful, it is even horrible, but it is not interesting. There we touch upon the difference between the great manner and the small manner; herein lies the reason why in such scenes Mr. Trollope is only almost as good as Thackeray. It can generally be said of this small manner that it succeeds; cleverness is certain of success; it never has the vertigo; it is only genius and folly that fall. But in what does it succeed? That is the test question: the question which it behooves us to impose now-a-days with ever growing stringency upon works of art; for it is the answer to this question that should approve or condemn them. It is small praise to say of a novelist that he succeeds in mortifying the reader. Yet Mr. Trollope is master of but two effects: he renders his reader comfortable or the reverse. As long as he restricts himself to this scale of emotion, of course he has no need of imagination, for imagination speaks to the heart. In the scene here mentioned, Mr. Trollope, as we have said, mortifies the reader; in other scenes he fosters his equanimity, and his plan, indeed, is generally to leave him in a pleasant frame of mind.

This is all very well; and we are perhaps ill advised to expect sympathy for any harsh strictures upon a writer who renders such excellent service. Let us, however, plainly disavow a harsh intention. Let us, in the interest of our argument, heartily recognize his merits. His merits, indeed! he has only too many. His manner is literally freckled with virtues. We use this term advisedly, because its virtues are all virtues of detail: the virtues of the photograph. The photograph lacks the supreme virtue of possessing a character. It is the detail alone that distinguishes one photograph from another. What but the details distinguishes one of Mr. Trollope's novels from another, and, if we may use the expression, consigns it to itself? Of course the details are charming, some of them ineffably charming. The ingenuous loves, the innocent flirtations, of Young England, have been described by Mr. Trollope in such a way as to secure him the universal public good-will; described minutely, sympathetically, accurately; if it were not that an indefinable instinct bade us to keep the word in reserve, we should say truthfully. The story of Miss Mackenzie lacks this element of vernal love-making. The most that can be said of the affairs of this lady's heart is that they are not ridiculous. They are assuredly not interesting; and they are involved in much that is absolutely repulsive. When you draw on the grand scale, a certain amount of coarseness in your lines is excusable; but when you work with such short and cautious strokes as Mr. Trollope, it behooves you, above all things, to be delicate. Still, taking the book in its best points, the development of Miss Mackenzie's affections would not, in actual life, be a phenomenon worthy of an intelligent spectator. What rights, then, accrue to it in print? Miss Mackenzie is an utterly commonplace person, and her lover is almost a fool. He is apparently unsusceptible of the smallest inspiration from the events of his life. Why should we follow the fortunes of such people? They vulgarize experience and all the

other heavenly gifts. Why should we stoop to gather nettles when there are roses blooming under our hands? Why should we batten upon overcooked prose while the air is redolent with undistilled poetry? It is perhaps well that we should learn how superficial, how spiritless, how literal human feeling may become; but is a novel here our proper lesson-book? Clever novels may be manufactured of such material as this; but to outweigh a thousand merits they will have the one defect, that they are monstrous. They will be anomalies. Mr. Matthew Arnold, however, has recently told us that a large class of Englishmen consider it no objection to a thing that it is an anomaly. Mr. Trollope is doubtless one of the number.

#### WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.\*

THIS publication of Praed's poetical works forms the fifth collection of them that has been made in America, and is much more complete and accurate than any of its predecessors. It is an exact reprint of the recent English edition, prepared by the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, and issued under direction of the poet's daughters. A very excellent memoir is prefixed to the poems; the editor has every aid that could be rendered him by the author's surviving friends and relatives; and in these volumes Praed's claim to poetic honors is finally submitted to the world for judgment. The editor's labor has been well performed, and deficiency can be imputed to him in respect of one thing only. Necessarily an important part of his duty consisted in rejection and selection. How difficult a task this may have been we have no means of knowing, but to us it seems that if more had been rejected, even if these two volumes had been compressed into one, the ends which the editor had in view would perhaps have been more surely attained.

Much that Praed wrote was written hastily; much of it was written while he was yet very young. Of much, then, the intrinsic value is small. Some of his verses were not printed in his lifetime, but copied in manuscript, and handed about by admiring friends; others were printed, indeed, but printed in publications so ephemeral that a man who wrote for them might, without impropriety, again make use of contributions which, if not used a second time, would have seemed to be material wasted and thrown away. But when an editor collects these repetitions and the reader collates them, the fame of the author is to a certain slight extent injured. Praed when living may have used the same witticisms more than once, for all wits are supposed to do that. But if they do employ the same joke five or six times, they take care to have five or six different audiences. The jest upon a politician's love for his place would hardly have been of so frequent recurrence in these pages had Praed himself prepared them for the press. And as repetition hurts his fame as a wit, so also it is of no especial advantage to his fame as a poet to give us fifty poems, of not very diverse character, and of about equal poetic merit, when ten would have satisfied the reader as fully and tired him somewhat less. This fault is, however, the only one that can be charged upon the editor, and it is a slight one. For if in rearing this commemorative column every stone is used, and some that add nothing to its beauty, we must recollect that something is to be pardoned to filial love and to the zeal of friendship.

Traces of carelessness on the part of printer and proof-reader are numerous, but on the whole the elegant outward appearance of these volumes is not unworthy of the pleasant reading to be found within.

More than a quarter of a century has elapsed since his death, but the memory of Praed is still green in the hearts of his many friends. He was born in 1802. His life ended just as the achievements of early manhood were redeeming the high promise of his youth. A witty and singularly facile writer; an accomplished scholar; a rising statesman; of manners so attractive that he was a pet in society; of a kindly disposition that won the love of all who knew him well; possessed of talents so brilliant as to command universal and admiring respect; of perfect purity and integrity of character,—it is not wonderful that high expectations were formed of him, and that he was perhaps the most noted young Englishman of his day.

His literary reputation was doubtless higher in his lifetime than it has ever been since; for in his lifetime his other claims to respect heightened the opinion that was entertained of his literary abilities; and we are further to consider that if what he has left behind him may not seem great when regarded as a performance, yet to his contemporaries, as the promise of future excellence given by the lad at school and the youth at college, the prose of the "Etonian" and the sparkling verse of "Knight's Quarterly Magazine" seemed worthy of very high praise.

Whatever distinction might have awaited him in his parliamentary

\* "The Poems of Winthrop Mackworth Praed. With Memoir by the Rev. Derwent Coleridge." New York: W. J. Widdleton. 1865. 2 vols. 12mo.



career, we are of opinion that, in his character of poet, in which alone it is necessary for this generation to consider him, he had already, at the time of his death, reached as high a place as his talents would have ever enabled him to attain.

This place cannot be pronounced a high one. Præd was not without a certain measure of the poetic faculty. But, aside from that, but two things seem to have made him a writer of verse: his imitative ability, of which the reader is made aware by being often reminded of other writers, as Byron, Scott, Hood, while never arrested by any strong marks of originality; and, secondly, the persistent cultivation given to such poetic ability as he had by his father at home, by his tutors at school and college, and at the university by the competition for prizes, of which honors he bore off many. He thus acquired all the arts of versification. The precocity of his parts was, perhaps, their most distinguishing feature, and his early productions are characterized by that neat finish which appears rarely in the first essays of genius but is often found in the works of youthful talent. His father and his tutors subjected all he wrote to severe pruning, and his own taste and judgment, thus refined and educated, preserved him from any obscurity or turgidity of language, as well as from any affectation in sentiment. Indeed, it would be difficult to find any writer of English verse since Swift who is so habitually clear, simple, and correct as Præd. But these things do not make a poet. Style, we are truly told, depends as much upon what we say as upon how it is said. The praise that must be accorded to Præd will be found to apply mainly to his manner—to his phraseology rather than to his style. For example, we may say of him that he is witty. Now true wit, says Coleridge, in general difference sees partial resemblance, and finds unsuspected links connecting objects apparently diverse. Præd's wit finds these connecting links not between the things themselves so often as between the signs signifying the things. His wit is the wit of words. Paronomasia and fun abound in him.

And so of the other qualities of his style. Yet it would be wrong to say that Præd is a mere versifier. If he is tried by his thoughts, if we enquire what, amidst much that is temporary and trivial, we may find that is noble, beautiful, and enduring, we shall discover here and there amid the prose some gleams of golden poetry. He is the possessor of a fancy not powerful and capable of sustained flights, but very quick and fertile in details. It can create for us the nymph of a single tree, but if we would wander in enchanted forests we must commit ourselves to some mightier master of the spell than he.

When we watch the flames that consume the heart of a Byron or a Heine, we often see looking out upon us, as in the magical fires of romantic legend, the eyes of some sardonic fiend, or the face of an imp, mocking and jeering. The nature of Præd was not intense or powerful, and the delicacy of feeling which made him shrink from displaying to the world the deepest feelings of his soul, caused him to hide his earnestness and sadness under light trifling rather than under the bitter jests that conceal a stronger spirit's pain. But underneath many of his lightest strains there runs a current of gentle melancholy. The divine discontent of the soul with the life that now is, which in religion looks forward to the life that is to come, takes in his poetry the form of a pensive regret for time past that is irrecoverably vanished away. This dissatisfaction is as old as humanity. It is an everlasting and universal sentiment, and when it finds adequate expression, the result may truly be called poetry. Never forcibly expressed, but often present in his verse, this sentiment gives Præd his best title to the abused name of poet.

#### HOW SHALL WE RECOGNIZE THE MESSIAHS?\*

A PRUDENT man will not always give his reasons, though they be plenty as blackberries and there be no compulsion. Doubtless it is an event sufficiently rare for a throned monarch to turn author and deal with type-setters and booksellers, and rarer still to turn biographer for one of his kind, of greater or less antiquity. But because the motive for such a step would be enquired by everybody, it does not follow that the Emperor of the French was bound to satisfy the world's curiosity. We esteem it a weakness, therefore, that he indulged in a preface, and did not leave his aim to be discovered from the book itself. He would certainly have been more likely to obtain believers, and, what is of prime consequence, readers for his doctrines. For while it is unquestionably true, as Labienus says, that one cannot debate with the master of thirty legions, in his own domain at least, it is a remarkable fact that the immediate criticisms of the "History of Caesar" have been almost wholly expended upon the preface. M. Rogeard, indeed, went back to the title-page,

and asserted that the king who attempted history before abdicating, proclaimed *ipso facto* his incapacity. Besides, there are some books of which it is enough to know the author, and especially the intent, to condemn them outright, without a perusal or so much as a glance even. The very notoriety of Napoleon, in connection with his "History," is the most serious impediment to his success. Not only, because he is an absolute despot, is he deprived of honest criticism in France, and compelled to listen to praises which are to him only self-adulation in a very gauzy disguise; he has not the advantage of the obscurest writer, the anonymous aspirant for a popular hearing. His arguments will not be weighed, his statements examined, his opinions considered, on their own merits, for never is the reader permitted to forget that they issue from the Tuilleries, and that not Caesar, not Charlemagne, not the Corsican Bonaparte, is the object of his vindication, but himself, the hero of the 2d December, the inventor of the *coup d'état* and of political deportations to Cayenne.

A composition of which every line is thus stamped with the *timbre impérial* is provocative of caution and mistrust. The mind, once put upon its guard, challenges every appearance, however innocent. The initial sentence becomes a stumbling-block: "Historic truth ought to be no less sacred than religion." One straightway asks: "Why historic truth alone, and not all truth?" And again: "Who is this stickler for veracity? It is he whose history cannot bear to be truly spoken of. It is he who erected his dynasty on a lie, and has maintained it by a gag upon free expression. Who is it that pretends to measure the sanctity of religion? The man who broke his oath to Liberty, and slew her at the altar of which she had made him priest." And so the commentary proceeds with the reading, a judgment being formed at every step instead of being held in solution, as is commonly the case with ordinary books which are written by indifferent men.

The value of a preface consists in procuring favor for that which succeeds it. In the present instance it is a perfect discouragement. Whereas it should seem like a wicket to a lawn, it is here like the door of a dungeon which we are assured is unlocked—while we remain on the outside. We repeat that the Emperor was not constrained to betray his aim in whitewashing Caesar. Decency apart, to which he may have fancied that something was due, his policy evidently lay in keeping silent. Had his aim been noble, the case might have been different; but a sophism which appears unheralded and is diffused through eleven chapters, runs a much less risk of detection than when tersely stated in as many lines. And the purpose of this work is to defend the morality of temporal success—to trace the hand of the Almighty in the elevation, and claim His sanction for the career, of the world's rulers. It is not exactly the doctrine of the *status quo*, nor yet of the divine right of kings, though it partakes of both. It is not that the end justifies the means—for your Alexanders and Napoleons are only the instruments of Providence—but the result does. And the logic which is vaunted as the key to historic verity cannot fail, from this premiss, to arrive at a complete justification of these instruments against every imputation of littleness or personal defect. So that the author is not ashamed to ask: "When extraordinary facts attest an eminent genius, what is more contrary to good sense than to ascribe to him all the passions and sentiments of mediocrity?"

Celebrity alone will not invariably ensure an audience. The most famous orators are careful to select an attractive theme, or title at least. No such shrewdness is exhibited in the announcement of an office-holder that he will harangue against rotation in office: the "outs" will not come to hear him. It is so at this epoch with all civilized peoples. They choose to listen to other discourses than those which uphold the régimes under which they groan. It is clear, too, that the nations are not tending to Caesarism, but to constitutional government; and clearer still, that this tendency has been irresistibly heightened by the triumph of democracy in America. When our literary despot insists that "we must recognize in the long duration of an institution the proof of its goodness," a twofold rejoinder is possible for the republicans of Europe. They can deny the proposition by pointing to the character and fate of slavery; or confirm it by the example of the free society which has asserted its right, determination, and power to monopolize the Union. Above all, there is one question that will surely be asked, and which it is of the utmost importance should receive a categorical answer. It relates to the Messiahs, of whom the Emperor exclaims: "Happy the peoples who comprehend and follow them! woe to those who misunderstand and combat them!" As if anticipating the difficulty, he remarks: "But by what sign are we to recognize a man's greatness? By the empire of his ideas, when his principles and his system triumph in spite of his death or defeat." This may do well enough for posterity, but is evidently no help at all for the contemporaries of the Messiahs. These predestined saviours of mankind so uniformly preserve by destroying, and resort to the most violent means to authenticate their commissions, that it is scarcely strange that they

\* "Histoire de Jules César. Par S. M. I. Napoléon III." Tome premier. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—"History of Julius Caesar." Vol. I. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1855.



are misunderstood and combated. It would be an inestimable relief to both parties if they could agree at once upon the marks of a Messiah, and there make an end of resistance on the one hand and of butchery on the other. We have in these times, moreover, a conflict of charters purporting to emanate from the same source, the people having somehow got the notion that they are divinely appointed to govern themselves; and something like the old Russian custom which Doré depicts, would be a decided convenience. For when, by the law establishing a scale of fines for mayhem and mutilation, the capacity for crime was regulated by the means of every one; if two pleasure-seeking Muscovites had confronted each other with felonious intent, a comparison of purses decided which should fear and flee from the other without unsheathing his sword. But unless the Messiah has something to show, how can such an arrangement be effected?

It is an old regret that the men of any given generation cannot live in the succeeding, and thus have the benefit of their own experience. How much smoother would have been the course of that Messiah who was misunderstood at Strasburg in 1836, and again at Boulogne in 1840, and even as late as 1851, when he made himself understood with a vengeance! He might have been spared exile and incarceration, had his aureola shone as it does now about his saintly head. But they who crucified him in that early day were pardonably blind. For the Emperor does not present the other side of the picture: "Woe to the people who follow a false Messiah!" And, success being the standard, where does history furnish so plausible a candidate for canonization as was Jefferson Davis before his downfall? Not only was he hailed as the Messiah of independence by the South, but by almost the united world, and all those powers which itched for our national dismemberment would fain have persuaded the North, as they had persuaded themselves, that he was a divine commissioner, to be respected accordingly. All the world now confesses its mistake, but very illogically, if we may trust Napoleon, who is himself at fault, however. For in the light of the hereafter the baffled convict may be converted into the triumphant martyr, "by the empire of his ideas." Perhaps some of us will outlive the suspense of this agonizing doubt.

We are far from warning anybody against reading the "History" beyond the preface, in which we have preferred to linger. It is well to observe how skilfully the author carries out the aim he professes, and much is doubtless to be learned from his archaeological researches, conducted, by-the-by, at the expense of the people for whose enslavement he argues. We would grant that none knows better than he what manner of bridge Cæsar stretched across the Rhine, or the equipment of a Roman trireme, or the very location of the Roman camps in Gaul. But when it comes to reproducing the spirit of the age with which he deals, he must yield the palm to his painter Gérôme, who is more concerned to be graphic than logical. Of the two American editions much praise can be honestly spoken. The Harpers have spared no pains to make their authorized version the handsomest volume they have ever published, while the Messrs. Appleton have reprinted the original in a style of rare accuracy and finish. Particularly is Mr. Smith's engraving of the Emperor commendable in the latter edition.

#### A PHILOLOGIST AMONGST THE TURKOMANS.\*

THIS is one of the most curious and interesting books of travel which has been published for many years. It is the story of a young Hungarian scholar, highly educated in the languages of the East, who penetrated in the tattered garb of a Mohammedan beggar to the heart of Turkistan, to Bokhara, and Samarkand, the famous capital of Tamerlane. The region which he traversed is almost unknown to Europeans, and death would have been the penalty of his boldness in visiting it, if his rare linguistic attainments, complete familiarity with the Koran and with Mohammedan usages, and his never-failing wit, had not enabled him to elude the scrutiny of those suspicious barbarians among whom his lot was cast.

He tells us in his modest preface that his attention was early directed to the affinities and the origin of the Hungarian language, his own mother tongue, and that a desire to determine whether it should be referred to the Finnish or the Tartaric branch of the stock called Altaic led him to undertake his perilous journey. It was philological enthusiasm therefore which carried him on step by step through his long and wearisome course, and the results of his philological enquiries he naturally regards as the principal fruits of his labor. The publication of these researches he leaves for a later volume, and now only gives us the general observations which he made on the country through which he passed.

Before we dwell upon the particulars of his story, the reader may be in-

terested in knowing something of the previous life of this remarkable scholar. An interesting sketch from the pen of the Hungarian biographer Kertbeny enables us to supply the desired information.

Arminius Vámbéry was born in 1832, at Gutta, a village in the Island Schütt in Hungary. His mother, early left a widow, could with difficulty provide an education for him. By a boyish acquaintance with Hungarian, Slavonian, and German, he was prepared to go forward to other linguistic attainments, and while yet a youth he showed great proficiency in Latin, Greek, French, Italian, English, Serbian, and Croatian. Soon after he became of age he went to Constantinople, in great poverty; and in order to gain admission to the schools of the Mohammedan clergy, he conformed to Islamism; then he became thoroughly acquainted with the Mohammedan faith and practice. He learned to write Turkish like a native. He directed his attention to some twenty Oriental tongues, and finally became well known in the East for his various contributions to philological literature. In 1860, the Hungarian Academy furnished him with 1,000 gulden to enable him to make a journey to Samarkand for the purposes already stated—and in July, 1862, we find him at Teheran, ready to enter the unknown region beyond. It is here that his own narrative begins.

The difficulties of travel in Turkistan, which are always serious, were then greater than usual on account of a prevailing war, and Vámbéry could not make any satisfactory arrangements for his trip until several months had passed. The account of his stay in Teheran is an interesting but less important portion of his story. At length, in January, 1863, by good management, after many efforts, he succeeded in attaching himself to a band of twenty-three persons returning to Bokhara from a pilgrimage to Mecca. He passed himself off for a Turkish dervish, pretending that he desired to visit the fountain of pure Islamism and to pay his homage to certain saints of the country. Finding that the good dresses of his companions were not to be worn on the journey, he put on the appropriate costume of Bokhara, "a thousand rags fastened around the loins with a cord." In this wretched dress, surmounted by a wearisome turban, to Mohammedans the ever-present memento of death, he set out on his journey. Wretched food and scanty water were his constant grievances. Great risk of detection at almost every stage of his journey imperilled his life—but skilfully extricating himself from each entanglement, he crossed the south-east extremity of the Caspian Sea, at the limit of the Russian dominion, passing northward between the Little and the Great Balkan, and across the fiery desert, over the former bed of the Oxus, and so forward to the city of Khiva, south of the Aral Sea. After a short sojourn here, the band of returning pilgrims followed the right bank of the Oxus upward till it was necessary to quit it in order to reach Bokhara. Here Vámbéry remained a month, and then pursued his journey to Samarkand.

The account which Mr. Vámbéry gives us of these two places is highly entertaining. In Bokhara he was closely watched, but his disguise was not penetrated. "What extreme piety," he overheard some one say, "to come all the way from Constantinople to Bokhara alone, in order to visit our Bahá-ed-din" (that being the name of a celebrated saint renowned through Islam, who died in 1388). The duties of a dervish, rigorously performed in order to keep up appearances, and the investigations of a shrewd and learned traveller, were amusingly combined in his every-day routine.

Bokhara he describes as a city four miles in circumference, having eleven gates, and divided into two principal parts, the inner and the outer city. It is said to contain 365 mosques, and also 365 colleges—this number apparently being a favorite figure, perhaps we should say, a figure of speech. Vámbéry could find but half that number of churches, and only eighty colleges. These latter institutions are seminaries not of learning but fanaticism; the chief instruction being in the Koran and religious casuistry, with a little logic and philosophy. The number of students is represented at 5,000, gathered not only from Central Asia but from India, Cashmere, Afghanistan, Russia, and China. The emir, or chief magistrate, is said to govern by justice, and to do all in his power to discourage luxury and maintain among the people their primitive simplicity.

The traffic of Bokhara appears to be but moderate, consisting chiefly in the sale of such articles of Asiatic or Russian manufacture as the people of the town require. Printed books are rarities—but many precious manuscripts are offered for sale in the twenty-six shops of the book-bazaar.

Bokhara appeared to Vámbéry to be noteworthy for its strict maintenance of Mohammedanism. He terms it the Rome of Islam, as Mecca and Medina are the Jerusalem. Bokhara plumes herself on this superiority, even in the face of the Sultan who is charged with corrupting religion by the influence of the "Frenghia" (Franks).

Samarkand, so celebrated in the past as the home of Timour, disappointed our traveller. Several hundred places of pilgrimage were pointed out to

\* "Travels in Central Asia, performed in the year 1863. By Arminius Vámbéry." London: John Murray. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1865. 8vo, pp. 493.

him, one of the most remarkable of which is the sepulchre of the great Timour—a neat chapel surmounted by a splendid dome—beneath which are the graves of Timour and Mir Seid Berke, the teacher at whose side the mighty emir desired to be buried.

Many colleges or medresses are also found in Samarkand, but Vámbéry could find no trace of the once famous Armenian-Greek library which is said to have been carried thither to ornament the capital.

Our limits will not allow us to give even a résumé of all that is fresh and entertaining in this volume. The author returned by way of Herat to Teheran, and soon afterwards found his way to London, where his story was told to the Geographical Society, and awakened great interest, not only for its own sake, but because the region which he traversed is the border between the Russian empire and the British possessions in India. So inhospitable, however, are the inhabitants, that rarely, if ever, since the days of Marco Polo, has a European traveller seen so much as Vámbéry. Clavijo, a Spanish ambassador from Henry III. of Castile to Timour, reached Samarkand in the year 1404, and the narrative of his visit has lately been printed by the Hakluyt Society. In 1620, a Russian envoy named Chochlow, and in 1780 another Russian traveller named Jefremow, are believed to have reached Samarkand. In 1841, the Chevalier Khanikoff, a distinguished Russian explorer, visited the same city, in company with other scientific men, and a volume containing his observations on that city and on the Khanat of Bokhara was published soon afterwards and translated into English. The eccentric Dr. Wolff also gave to the public an account of his observations in Bokhara. With these qualifications, Mr. Vámbéry may be regarded as having opened to us a region almost unknown. In doing so he has shown a degree of sagacity and intrepidity rarely equalled in the annals of discovery.

## TWO RECENT NOVELS.\*

To persons of correct taste, it is usually a great pleasure to read a good novel of well-bred domestic life. "The Heir of Redclyffe" and "Heartsease" were really good novels of well-bred domestic life; and, accordingly, it is with great expectations that we see, from time to time, the advertisement of a new novel by the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe" and "Heartsease."

To say, however, that our satisfaction in reading it always equals our interest in opening it, might be saying a little too much. Those two above mentioned admirable tales have been, so far as we have seen, equalled by none of their successors. "The Heir of Redclyffe" was, indeed, such a piece of good luck and good conduct combined as falls to few novelists twice in a lifetime; but to reach the height of "Heartsease" again would not appear to demand any tiptoe stretch of the author's uniformly admirable powers.

Her materials are usually rich, but the structures into which, of late, she rears them look poor from the artistic point of view. Her characters are generally lifelike; her ladies and gentlemen ladylike and gentlemanlike. But having brought before us one or more fine creatures, she beats them; she binds them; she lets her other inferior creatures make butts of them; she sticks pins into them; she impales them; she makes them declare it is "so comfortable" to be impaled; she calls upon us to congratulate them; then, in triumph, she bears them out of our sight.

Now we expect to be "harrowed." In fact, we like it, as Mawworm did to be despised. But we also expect our tears to be dried afterward by the same skilful hand that wrung them from us. In these novels, however, even when, at the close, they offer us what professes to be compensation for sufferings, salutary, as we do not undertake to deny, the *dénouement* is invariably too incomplete or too improbable for our acceptance.

"Beechcroft" and "Hopes and Fears" might be admitted to a share in the *alias* of "The Young Stepmother," "A Chronicle of Mistakes"—mistakes, moreover, very deplorable if not irreparable. "The Daisy Chain" was too long and complex, and linked together at least two most dismal catastrophes. Its continuation—"The Trial"—tried almost to annihilation two interesting characters—Ethel and Leonard. "Dynevor Terrace" attempted to make a good end; but, though it is always encouraging to virtuous minds to see virtue rewarded, we would rather, if Louis is to be the sacrifice, see him bestowed upon virtue in the person of his "most dear she-younger-brother," Clara, than that of the commonplace and ponderous Mary.

And now comes in "The Clever Woman of the Family," the dreariest story by our author that we have ever read—the dreariest one by her, we hope, that any one will ever have a chance to read. It is able; but it is dis-

agree-able! It is not high tragedy; it is low tragedy—not sublime, but miserable.

The would-be heroine, Rachel, is a personage too radically unpleasant for even *her* sufferings to render her interesting, or for any amount of reformation to render her engaging. We pity her, notwithstanding, to such a degree that, in spite of our regard for Alick, it would be a relief to us if we could receive in faith their biographer's report, of her being sheltered by and married to him; but we cannot receive it on any other ground than that of the devotee, who exclaimed with pious fervor, "I believe—for it is impossible!"

Rachel is a foeman scarcely worthy of so much of such steel as that of the pen employed upon her. She is not even, in fact, a clever woman—out of the study. She has neither wit, eloquence, logic, penetration, nor invention. Indeed, as the author hints at the end of the book, the first part of the title belongs rather, of right, to Ermine; and we are inclined to wish the whole to run, "The Clever Woman of the Neighborhood," that it might be made over to her entire.

Such attractions as the story has we will not take away from our present, and its future, readers, by telling ill what the story-teller tells well. It has two morals, however, which we see little danger of making duller than morals usually are; and we dwell upon the second, the rather that it is, from the plan of the book, therein necessarily subordinated to the first. The one is a timely and most impressive warning against that particular form of weakness of mind, which—as the good word nervousness has been perverted to signify the bad quality, want of nerve—has come to be called strong-mindedness; and the other, a no less timely suggestion that some other elements are wanted toward the fulfilment of any fine woman beside what is often cantingly apotheosized as "the feminine element."

We object to the term altogether. We have old and excellent authority for calling elements, taken by themselves, "beggarly." Useful and indispensable as they are in combination, they are useless or deadly apart. Moreover, this very misnamed element in question is not an element at all. It is a compound which Bon Gaultier, speaking for Leigh Hunt, might happily characterize as a *sweetly limpidness*. It is made up of tenderness and innocence—sugar and distilled water—and neither sugar nor distilled water is an element.

Some human people, notwithstanding, have a blind partiality for human *eau sucrée*—and they have a right to their taste. We do not grudge it to them. We own that there are some things to be truly said in behalf of *eau sucrée*. For example, it is probably much nicer than *aqua fortis*, and indisputably much more wholesome. If that were the only alternative presented to us, we should certainly say, Take away your *aqua fortis* directly, and we will never call for anything more piquant than your *eau sucrée*. But then that is not the only alternative.

It must not be forgotten—as it seems to have been by most who have written upon, for, or against them—that women are human, and neither naiads, sylphs, or gnomes, nor any other sort of unearthly and unmeaning phantasms, unintelligible and unnatural. Tenderness and innocence are ingredients, not only desirable but indispensable, but not the only indispensable ingredients, in the making up of any pure, noble, symmetrical human nature; and feminine intellect, spirit, and wit are too interesting, entertaining, and, if rightly used, valuable things to be turned over—as Wesley said all the best tunes were—to Satan.

Many feminine—and no unfeminine—women are charming; but too many *feminine-elementary* women are, like rudimentary fins or pinions, mere unworthy appendages, not to say encumbrances, to finer and better developed frames. Further, the natural reaction from feminine-elementary women like Mrs. Curtis is to masculine-elementary girls like Miss Rachel. We need say no more.

Whenever Rachel's Cousin Fanny found occasion to administer a bitter pill to Conny, Francie, Leo, Hubert, Wilfrid, Cyril, or "Stephania, the baby," we have no doubt that *her* feminine element suggested a sweet successive sugar-plum. We wish that her example herein might move her chronicler to follow up the dose which she has now administered to the spirit of the age with its fitting complement—the story of one high-minded woman—there have lived such—whose generous enthusiasm, unlike that of Honora, Albinia, and their compeers, shall be guided by judgment and crowned by success. We could consent, of course, to her being placed in circumstances sometimes painful and perplexing, but never undignified nor humiliating. Such a theme would be worthy of our author's abilities, and we think her abilities worthy of such a theme.

Let her plot, at all events, once more deserve the expenditure upon it of her rare wealth in the invention of characters, her healthy feeling, sound if somewhat timid good sense, and Christian spirit. Let her henceforward—unless she determines to write throughout in German or Irish—forbid her

\* "The Clever Woman of the Family," by the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," "Heartsease," "The Young Stepmother," etc., etc., etc.  
"Beatrice," by Julia Kavanagh, author of "Nathalie," "Adele," "Queen Mab," etc., etc.  
D. Appleton & Company, 443 and 445 Broadway, New York. 1865.



Ideal young ladies to call their mother "*the mother*;" and the lovers of genius consecrated to the noblest ends will have much to thank her for, besides the much for which we would fain beg leave to thank her already, and little better to ask.

Almost too dissimilar for a comparison is the next book on our critical table. The history of "*Beatrice*" scarcely makes one think enough to enable him to say what he thinks of it. Still, we believe we shall scarcely perjure ourselves in affirming that one might easily find much worse reading for a summer's day, as it is spirited, not very mischievous, full of incident, written with correctness and grace, and ornamented with tasteful pen-and-ink sketches of lovely scenery.

The plot is somewhat complex, yet has a certain simplicity in its variety. Through the usual *quantum suff.* of love and woe, expanded in the present case into a thick volume, it walks to a happy conclusion on these two feet, put forth alternately: the villain does villainously,—somebody dies suddenly.

We can further encourage the admirers of Miss Kavanagh's previous novels by informing them that the present bears a certain family likeness to "*Grace Lee*" and "*Zaidee*"—which were, if we recollect right, attributed to the same author—in the unexpected inheritance of a fortune by the heroine in her childhood, and the migratory nature of the adventures, and that we have some reason for supposing "*Beatrice*" may be better than "*Nathalie*," for the former we could read, and the latter we—did not.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

MARY, THE HANDMAID OF THE LORD. By the Author of "The Schönberg-Cotta Family." M. W. Dodd, New York.

HISTORY OF JULIUS CESAR. By Napoleon III.—CHRISTIAN'S MISTAKE. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."—A SMALLER HISTORY OF ROME. By William Smith, LL.D.—CULTURE OF THE OBSERVING FACULTIES. By Warren Burton.—KATE KENNEDY. By the Author of "Wondrous Strange."—MISS MACKENZIE. By Anthony Trollope. Harper & Bros., New York.

OUR GREAT CAPTAINS. Chas. B. Richardson, New York.

WOMAN AND THE WAR. A Poem. By George W. Birdseye. Jas. Dickson, New York.

SONG OF THE SHIRT, AND OTHER POEMS. By Thomas Hood.—HOME BALLADS BY OUR HOME POETS. Bunce & Huntington, New York.

LETTERS TO THE HON. SCHUTLER COLFAX. The Paper Question: The Iron Question: The Farmer's Question. By H. C. Carey. Collins, Philadelphia.

LIFE OF HORACE MANN. By his Wife.—THE PRESIDENT'S WORDS. From the Speeches, Addresses, and Letters of Abraham Lincoln. Walker, Fuller & Co., Boston.

#### BOOKS ADVERTISED.

Rebellion Record—Song of the Shirt, and other Poems—Home Ballads by our Home Poets—Under Green Leaves—Favorite English Poems—Bellai—Denis Donne—Theo Leigh—On Guard—Miss Mackenzie—Kate Kennedy—A Son of the Soil—Christian's Mistake—Luttrell of Arran—Uncle Silas—Tony Butler—Our Mutual Friend—My Brother's Wife—The Perpetual Curate—Under the Ban—Lindisfarne Chase—Consin Phillis—Mattie: A Stray—Quite Alone—Margaret Denzell's History—Not Dead Yet—Maurice Dering—Captain Brand, of the "Centipede"—A Bibliographical and Critical Account of the Rarest Books in the English Language—Life of Horace Mann—The President's Words—The Church of the First Three Centuries—Martineau's History of England—Reason in Religion—Anti-Slavery Measures of 37th and 38th U. S. Congress—Martin's History of Louis XIV.—Speeches, Lectures, and Addresses of Wendell Phillips—Sermons by Rev. James F. Clarke—Cochin's Results of Slavery—Cochin's Results of Emancipation—Hebrew Men and Times—Religious Demands of the Age—Philosophy as an Absolute Science.

### Fine Arts.

#### THE FORTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

[Second Notice.]

THIS exhibition is stronger in landscape painting than in any other department of art. The exhibition is not, on the whole, a creditable one, but it is perhaps as strong in landscape painting as any that have preceded it. It is true that several of those painters who have, in former years, sent the best landscapes, are either unrepresented or badly represented this year. Were it otherwise, this exhibition would be far better than any former one in this department, for there are pictures here of great worth and greater promise signed by new names, and the work of some artists whose names are well known is better than it has ever been.

There is a marked disposition on the part of some of the best landscapists we have to paint small pictures of simple but not hackneyed subjects, and to paint them very well—*nearly* as well as they can. There are very few painters who give their whole strength to their pictures—we shall presently name one who has done so this year—but there are those who give nearly their whole strength, and who do well, and will do well, but never excellently. This disposition to paint small pictures we are very glad to see. It takes more power of invention than most painters have to rightly fill

a large canvass with minute incident, and it takes more power of drawing than most painters have to draw rightly on a larger scale.

Consider, for instance, Mr. McEntee's picture, No. 291, "*Last of October*." It has been a surprise to observers of this and of former exhibitions, because of the really good tree-drawing in it, showing a knowledge of tree form and growth which few had supposed the painter to possess. The color is so far true that it is really and not superficially autumnal. It is almost a good picture. Now, it is prevented from being a good picture by inexcusable coarseness of detail, and therefore by untruth of detail; for that painting is not true to the autumn woods which looks like rough and crumbly paint at whatever distance from it one may stand. But imagine this canvass apparently diminished, by a concave lens, to one-half its length and height, that is, to quarter of its superficies, and it will seem a better picture. There will be nothing more in it; but we can accept less. Turner, by working more minutely, would often put as much incident into a small picture as he was accustomed to put into a large one; but it seemed that *large* and *small* had no absolute meaning to Turner any more than in nature. With most of our painters we are willing to accept less detail in a smaller picture; and, if Mr. McEntee will not give us more detail or better detail than he has given us in this, it would be better if he would paint smaller pictures. The worst faults of this picture, however, would remain very visible even through a very powerful diminishing lens. The vaporous, palely-tinted, almost homogeneous substance that clings around each tree has really no right to pass itself off for foliage, and hide what would otherwise have been visible, the much better drawn branches.

Mr. George B. Wood's little picture, No. 584, "*Clearing off Cold*," is an instance of the tendency we spoke of above. Two years ago Mr. Wood exhibited a small painting of Mulleins, and these two pictures are all we know of his work. We think it wisely done to limit himself to small cabinet pictures, not because of any discreditable weakness in either of the two good works named, but because of what seems to us his as yet immature strength as an artist. "*Clearing off Cold*" is very good and true, as can be seen through an opera-glass; it cannot be seen without, for it is at the end of the gallery and high, so that an annoying flash of light from its surface makes a near look impossible. The pale sky with horizontal bars of cloud, and the cedar tree which shows sharply against it, are seen from afar to be good. A careful look with the necessary appliances shows the foreground to be nearly as good, and very original in treatment.

Mr. Hotchkiss' picture, No. 570, "*Cypresses at the Convent of San Miniato, Florence*," is a good portrait of the trees, and the sunset light falling on the trees and hillside in bars alternated with bars of shadow from other trees unseen, is warm and real. The picture is therefore very interesting, for the cypress is a strange tree to us in America, and of strongly individual character, and these are noble specimens of their kind. The monks are not successful, but are not to be wished away, only to be wished better. "*Torre de Schiava*," No. 262, seems to be good, but is perched up above a large picture, and half hidden by the frame thereof, and is altogether too high to be judged aright, even with the useful opera-glass.

This cataloguing of painters and their works is wearying, now the exhibition is closed, and is generally foreign to our purpose. But the names we are calling over are the names of men who hold the future of our landscape art in their hands. Let us go on, therefore—there are not many more.

Mr. Wyant, we think, is one of these. "*The Ohio Valley*," No. 264, has been carefully studied. There is good work and a real striving for excellence in the near hill-top and rocks. The distance, moreover, is distant, and well down below the spectator's lofty stand. "*Cooper's Bottom, Ohio River*," is a much better picture, and is capable of giving real pleasure and rewarding a careful examination. The color of either is not very good. There is no evident feeling for color. The green of summer woods is not given here in its true quality and brilliancy.

Mr. Farrer is certainly one of those landscape painters from whom we hope the most, although this year he has only one little picture of any great merit, besides two drawings. "*Mt. Washington under Three Feet of Snow*," No. 361, is a very beautiful picture. It is very small, and evidently a study of color, mainly, probably an accurate transcript of some individual autumn sunset. The sun has set beyond the mountain, whose sides toward the spectator being in shade are nearly as blue as the reality—and no one can know how blue snow shadows are until he tries to match them with color, but the right-hand edge is reddened by the sun, which still touches it. The sky is yellow and pure behind the mountain, with only two clouds floating, and those beautifully rosy. The foreground has that strange bronze green which we remember in only one other picture, also by Mr. Farrer, a sunset piece, Mr. Farrer's "*Pro Patria*," at the great fair in New York for the Sanitary Commission. It is successful as a rendering of the phenomenon represented,



and powerful in the picture. Our impression that this picture represents an actual scene is confirmed by the beautiful mass of the mountain. A picture rapidly painted, as this seems to have been, would hardly have been so successful both in color and in form without the direct dictation of nature. The two little pencil drawings, No. 133, "Study of Pumpkin Vine," and No. 154, "Study of Dandelion," are work of a class which would have been thought peculiar to Mr. Farrer but that Mr. Moore has one quite similar in this exhibition. The delicate beauty of the drawing of the large leaves of the pumpkin vine is hardly to be surpassed. It is cause for regret that Mr. Farrer has no large and important landscape this year. His picture, called, if we remember aright, "White Mountain Brook," is more needed in this exhibition than it was in the Artists' Fund Exhibition last fall. Mr. Farrer has some very unfortunate figure pictures on these walls, and should have shown his full strength in landscape.

Mr. Colman must be classed among the more able landscape painters on the unsupported testimony of his little "Tuscan Cottage," No. 527. It is very charming; but we have to speak of Mr. Colman in another place, where he will command even greater respect than here.

There is one picture, we have said, to which the painter gave his whole strength. It is Mr. Charles H. Moore's "Study in the Catskill Valley," No. 60. It is a representation on a very small scale of a very wide range of country. The spectator stands on a slightly rising ground, and looks across perhaps ten miles of low-lying country to the Catskill Mountains beyond. There is, in this small picture, the material for a very large one; it is so minutely painted throughout that it is, in amount of incident, a very large one. Now, the minuteness is nothing of itself. Microscopic fineness of workmanship is not to be sought for its own sake. The true line may be drawn with a crumbly bit of charcoal as well as with the point of a needle on steel. It is, indeed, well to have the power of drawing minutely, for, even if objects are represented in foreground of the size of nature, the detail of nature will be too minute to be entirely represented, and it is always well to be able to represent all that art can of what is visible. But a painter's eye-sight might render him incapable of such execution as this, and he might yet be a better painter even than Mr. Moore. The merit of this picture is in its almost perfect truth of drawing, and in the love of nature so evident in it, and the evident purpose to get perfect truth. Consider the apple tree on the extreme right—it is well and completely drawn. Look at the corn, see how perfectly its form is rendered, the broad leaves sheathing the undeveloped stalk, each leaf rippled along its edges by the fullness of its growth: in drawing at least it is wonderfully real. The drawing is not only noticeably good in these prominent objects of accented form; the old road which passes near the corn-field and dips out of sight over the brow of the hill is excellent, overgrown with grass and seeding plantains, and watched by a sentry mullein here and there; the middle distance, too, dotted with farm-houses and barns, and varied by grove and field, miles of country visible at once, is admirably rendered in a narrow belt of canvass, which, as one looks too close, is merely mottled with color, but resolves itself into broad tracts of land as the eye is withdrawn. This middle distance is the best part of the picture, and hardly to be surpassed.

Mr. Moore's drawing is already so good that but few observers will see that it grows better in the future. But his color may be greatly improved; it is pale and not strong, and we ask all those interested in art to watch it hereafter and see it improve. The artist is not deficient in feeling for color or love of color. His effort seems to have been to get truth of gradation, both in light and shade and in local color, and the strength of tone has been partly lost in the resolute striving to reach all nature's delicacy. Nature is delicate and strong. Mr. Moore would like his work to be delicate and strong, but seems to be fixed in his purpose that it shall, at all hazards, be delicate. The delicacy he loves is not, observe, smoothness of surface, or absence of brush marks, or even microscopic elaboration, but it is that wonderful subtlety of gradation in nature of which the closest observer sees the most, and at which the oldest observer wonders the most—a subtlety only partially imitable by art, but which this painter closely copies.

This painter's work is to us full of promise for the future, because we expect a refined strength to grow out of his now somewhat weak refinement. That there are admirers of his patience and carefulness who do not fully share our hopes, we can well believe. But we confidently look to the next exhibition to show unmistakable advance, and to confirm every hope for the future.

Mr. Moore has, also, a very beautiful little pencil drawing, "Mandrakes," No. 143. The drawing is very small, and is a careful study of foreground detail; a little patch of ground covered thick with dry leaves, the trunks of half a dozen trees seen for a few feet from the ground, and a cluster of May apple or mandrake plants in front of them.

We have noticed two or three very interesting studies from foreign lands: Mr. Colman's "Tuscan Cottage," which is the best of them, and two good ones by Mr. Hotchkiss. There ought to be more such than there are, for our painters should remember that there are beautiful things in Europe of a very different character from anything American, and that the subtle charm of historical association and ancient date gives them an additional beauty. There are two others, by Mr. Edward L. Henry. The picture No. 568, "Via St. (Sta?) Catarina, Naples," has not great artistic merit, but will give a really accurate idea of a thing, utterly foreign to the experiences or the ideas of untravelled Americans—a narrow, crowded Naples street, no thoroughfare for wheeled vehicles, fifteen feet wide between the walls of the five-story white houses, filled with jostling pedestrians and ringing with shrill cries of itinerant merchants and whines of importunate beggars, the whole street startled into unwonted excitement by some church festival, which brings a procession of monks and a great display of flags and drapery into the scene. No. 552, "A Canal Scene, Venice," is less pleasing. It is of a better subject, and it is really a portrait of it, for the *sotto-portico* and the *rica* (words untranslatable except by circumlocutory paraphrases), the canal and bridge and house-fronts, are all drawn from the reality. But the architectural detail of the palace is spoiled, is false both in drawing and in color—the cusped arches and window-shafts wholly wrong.

There is no city whose outside Americans ought to study so carefully as Venice, and this on many accounts. There is no city so unlike anything in America. There is no city having its early architecture of all the great schools generally in such good repair. There is no city which it is so easy to study, thanks to the delicious gondola. There is no city from which the New York of the future might so well be copied, for the two great commercial cities are somewhat alike in sentiment, and the magnificence ruled by true feeling in art of mediæval Venice our would-be grandiose city might be made to appreciate, when it would not be impressed by the simpler and purer art of Verona or Ferrara. Venice, therefore, should be studied, and rightly painted or drawn. But it has not been by Americans. A single Prout drawing, even one of Ponte's photographs at one Austrian gulden each, will give the untravelled man a better idea of Venice than all the pictures together that our painters have made. Mr. Henry's canal scene is only good in comparison with the dreadful libels upon the Sea City by which our galleries are often disfigured.

Of such libels, the worst are probably those exhibited by Mr. C. P. Cranch. Without alluding to those of former years, there are a few words to be said of the three in this exhibition. "Venice: View from the Giardino Pubblico," No. 379, is the most daring, for a part of a Gothic palace is in the near foreground, and close to the spectator, and some of the best known and most important buildings of the city are not far away, and in full daylight. The palace nearest the beholder presents a wall such as Venice does not hold, built of large squared blocks of stone of a purplish hue, with quoins of white marble. It will not pass to say that these seeming blocks are thin slabs of marble, veneering a brick wall, as often in Venice. Such slabs are never set so as to look like blocks of stone, breaking joints, but are always used as a sort of armor, held in their places often by visible contrivances, and generally having their greatest length vertical; moreover, there is no material of the color shown of which slabs are used in Venice. The use of quoins of one material or color, with a wall surface of another, is a fashion foreign to Gothic art, and certainly unknown in Venetian Gothic, nor is there any building in Venice of any age, so far as we know, that is so decorated. The archivolt of the two-light window are of another color still, and an unknown material, certainly unknown to Venice, and are altogether impossible in their shape and seeming construction. The window-shaft is as bad as the arches that spring from its capital, for it has no less than three peculiarities which separate it from all Venetian Gothic architecture. The shaft tapers instead of being cylindrical. The capital is of an impossible form, and the base is on a level with the top of the parapet of the window balcony. All this technicality is uninteresting, except as it establishes the fact that the right-hand corner of this picture gives an utterly false report about a thing which is well worth describing truly. Why the description is so false is evident. The balcony is nearly copied from the lower story balconies of the famous Ca' d'Oro, on the Grand Canal, the parapet consisting of a large white marble slab, with quatrefoils of uniform size pierced in it at equal distances. No one could begin to draw this without a certain knowledge that these distances are equal, and the size uniform. But the painted parapet here follows no such laws; its quatrefoils are pierced with entire freedom from restraint, in such irregular order, and at such accidental distances, as carelessness has pleased. It is a small matter, and a minor fault, but it gives the key to the whole of the bad work.

Remember that Venetian architecture of every great school was formal,

severe, and observant of rules beyond the architecture of other lands. Remember that delicate mouldings and carved foliage in white marble or in whitish Istrian stone are universal in all the Gothic palaces; the stone work built into rough brick walls, which are afterwards faced with thin slabs of marble or alabaster, or else stuccoed. The painter has represented the lower part of his palace wall as stuccoed; perhaps he would urge this in his defense, that the palace is one of those which have been modernized, and that the purplish blocks are an imitation of stone on a surface of stucco. This position, however, cannot be assumed, for its assumption would argue incredible bad taste in the choice of subjects, and, moreover, it would involve an anachronism. Such destructive repairs have, indeed, been made in Venice, but only within a few years; while the costume of the figures in this picture, especially of the gondolier taking his orders, and of the gentleman under the awning of the gondola, is very ancient indeed, certainly not more recent than a couple of centuries ago. The view is not that from the Giardini Pubblici. It is an abstract of it, indeed, but with its essential features left out. The name of the picture is but a small matter. If the picture could give any knowledge of Venice, or if it could give any pleasure, or excite any admiration for noble architecture and splendid color, even though neither were truly Venetian, we would not ask for the name. A painter who disregarded his reputation for accuracy of statement might paint Veronese architecture and call it Venice unchallenged; but no one has a right to paint an ugly and uninteresting city, of meaningless architecture, and of no beauty of color, and call that—Venice.

No. 12, "Moonlight on the Giudecca, Venice," is not a view on the Giudecca, but a view on that open water off the Riva de' Schiavoni which is sometimes called the Grand Canal, as if a continuance of that channel itself, sometimes the sea, as Mr. Ruskin calls it, and sometimes the Canal of St. Mark. But it is evident that we must allow the painter to miscall at his pleasure. The picture is painted to get the glaring red and yellow lights from the windows and vessels, and there is no pleasure apparent in any other fact or "effect," even the Doges' palace being made to serve this vulgar purpose of a colored lantern. The palace is sadly misused; the decorated central window of the sea front is turned into a sort of turret, and the window itself has vanished, is evidently built up, for it opens into the same hall with the three windows to the left, and they are brilliantly lighted up. Other important buildings visible are misrepresented as badly as the palace, especially the Campanile of San Marco, which is entirely false in drawing.

No. 393, "The Dogana, Venice," is less bad than the other two, because the Dogana building itself is somewhat like the real building in shape. It is not at all well drawn, however, and is coarsely painted; and the rest of the picture is not better than its companions.

There is a seemingly irreconcilable difference of opinion, embodied in difference of practice, between landscape painters, on this question of the representation of the actual features of landscape. There are those who seem to believe that all created things are given to them for a prey and for a spoil; that they are to represent these enough to get ideas and suggestions, and to distort and alter enough to leave their own fancies free play. These words are not intended for ridicule, but for a strictly accurate expression of the avowed principle of some painters, and the seeming purpose of others. Now, without discussing here the general question, we would make one suggestion, and put it in the form of a parable. When school-boys ask their teacher, as school-boys often do, "Shall we learn it so as to give the words of the book?" they often get the wise answer, "Not if you can give better words." That is, you must give the exact meaning; and if you can do that better than the book has done it, well. But the conclusion follows, unstated. Give the book's words, unless you can give better. *De te fabula narratur*, his better judgment will say to every painter. Paint nature as you see it, unless you can improve upon it. Perhaps you can. Turner sometimes did, sometimes, we think, failed to. When it is human nature, you often can. So to the painters of Venice this is to be said, If you can give a better idea of the real beauty of Venice than by exactly copying any one building or scene, do so, but be sure you are not spoiling what you would concentrate and develop. You must understand Venetian architecture better than any painter America yet owns, before you can paint its essence regardless of the special embodiments of it.

We have alluded to Mr. Farrer's figure pictures, which are so harmful to his reputation this year, and so astounding to most of those who have seen the evident conscientiousness of his work in former years and the real power of drawing he possesses. To us they are only thus far surprising, that we thought Mr. Farrer would have steadily improved from year to year, overcoming his difficulties and enlarging his powers. Thus he has never yet handled oil color very skilfully;—this year it should have been better managed than ever, but it is worse. No figure drawing of his has yet been exhibited which is faultless, though much has which is full of merit; this year

his figure drawing should have approached real excellence, but it has fallen far below what it has formerly been. Speculations as to causes of failure are, of course, useless and unprofitable, as they must from their very nature be generally untraceable. But there is one point worthy of a moment's consideration. These pictures illustrate a not uncommon inability or neglect, the inability or neglect to conceive a subject thoroughly before painting it.

To illustrate: In the picture No. 161, "April, 1861," the spectator is within a room, and looks towards one of its corners, in which corner is placed a small table with books and a statuette; a large window is in the wall on the right hand, and no opening whatever in the wall on the left hand, of which only a small part is seen. Now, the carpet on the floor is of a strongly marked pattern, large squares, the breadths being easily definable one from another. The converging lines which represent in perspective the seams between these breadths of carpet converge nearly in the direction of the corner of the room. That is, if we may trust the statements of this picture, there is a square room somewhere, with a carpet laid down diagonally, one breadth running from corner to opposite corner, and the others parallel to it. We have nothing to do now with the bad drawing of this carpet; it is the lack of power to combine facts that is the question. It is evident that the carpet was painted in another room than that of which the walls and window are represented, and that the artist was unable or neglected to fit one to the other. In the picture No. 526, "Home Scenes—Morning," a similar and even more fatal error occurs. A round table occupies the middle of the picture, and obscures the junction of the wall and floor. But from the wall and window seen above the table we learn this—that only one wall is visible, that this is seen at a considerable angle, and that the window is in that wall, the cross-bar of the window-sash proving this latter to be true. Now, looking at the junction of this wall and the floor, we find an entirely different condition of things: we find that there is not one wall visible, but that two walls meet nearly at the window-trimming, and that we look toward a corner in this picture as in No. 161. In this case no explanation is possible. The fault must be classed with the fault in the drawing of the easel in this same picture, where the leg seen above the painting upon it does not continue in the direction of the same leg seen below the painting. It is incredible that any painter should begin an important picture without a perfectly clear perception in his mind of the place of every line and the meaning of every line. It is proved possible for even a painter who would be thought from his work a declared realist to paint a picture without knowing what he intends to represent.

Mr. C. C. Coleman paints better than ever this year, and better than any one who chooses the same kind of subjects. His largest picture, "The Antiquary," No. 518, is certainly a great triumph for him, for he has painted in it difficult things as well as he has painted easy things before. The books and the carved wood are wonderfully successful. But the subject is so entirely unpicturesque, so devoid of interest, so unpoetical, that it puts the careful and elaborate painting out of the pale of art meant for the world, and classes it with such study of ugly things, for practice' sake, as Mr. Ruskin recommends in "The Elements of Drawing." New Yorkers all know "Gibson's Building," at the corner of Broadway and Thirteenth Street. This picture is at once recognizable as a view in the large show-room in that building for stained glass and decorative materials. Of course nine-tenths of the individual articles for sale are dreadfully ugly, as the stained glass especially is. Of course a bric-a-brac shop is not a good subject for a painter. Capital practice, though, and next year Mr. Coleman is sure to paint something really lovely, for he is quite strong enough now to do so, as this picture proves.

Mr. Winslow Homer has found a class of subjects worthy of his most careful painting, and is, in this, wiser or more fortunate than most of his contemporaries. He paints the scenes and incidents of our great war, and paints them well, with a true perception of their character and meaning, and with unusual technical skill. "Pitching Quoits," No. 400, is a large picture of Zouaves, apparently of the Fifth New York Volunteers, some in the foreground engaged in the standard amusement which gives name to the picture, with horse-shoes for their missiles, others looking on, keeping tally of the game, smoking, and, in the background, cooking and lounging. The improvement in the technical skill and force in Mr. Homer's work is, from year to year, very noticeable. He promises to retain the position, which we think he has already won, of our first painter of the human figure in action. An honorable position! Let the claims be well examined which the painters urge for any such rank as that. But as we have no space now for such examination, and as no one in this exhibition can dispute Mr. Homer's claim, we may let our award above given remain unexplained, in the belief that the future will approve it.

The small picture No. 190, "The Bright Side," seems to us even better

than "Pitching Quoits." It represents a group of negro teamsters lounging and dozing under the sunny wall of a Sibley tent; another teamster's black head, broad hat, and pipe are thrust out from between the tent folds; wagons and mules are in the background. No improvement could be suggested that would make this picture a more expressive work or more effective as a representation of the scene. The nearest man and the most distant mule are equally good, and both as true and full of expression as if Mr. Homer could paint like Gérôme.

Mr. Vedder has seven pictures this year on the walls, of which the smaller and the less pretentious are the better. The aim of this painter seems to be not representation of anything or record of anything, or skill in painting or in drawing, but the excitement in the beholder's nature of sympathy with solemn, terrible, or jocular fancies of his own. In this his chosen walk he does not advance as we ought to expect from one who seems so strong and abundant in his peculiar natural gifts. The Sphinx of two years ago was his best work, we then thought, and remains his best work, we think. The "Lost Mind," this year, No. 601, seems to us his weakest large picture, as devoid of any real meaning, or of any meaning which can be gathered from the work itself, as a picture by a man of brains and heart can be made. It is a matter of serious doubt if the painter knew what he meant to represent. It is a matter of doubt if the name have any connection with the picture. The landscape is the best part of the picture, and is vastly more efficacious in making the spectator uncomfortable and in sympathy with the wretched woman in the foreground,—which we take to be the object of the picture, if it have any object,—than anything in the face or action of the woman herself. This woman is taken out of the sphere of humanity, and made a myth, by her incredible dress, certainly not the dress of any nation under heaven. Nor does it seem the fancy of a madwoman this strange apparel, for the careful arrangement of the broad white scarf, a capital bit of composition, is a more studied "effect" in costume than most women in their senses attain to.

No. 76, "Girl feeding Chickens," is very charming in sentiment, a very real and pathetic little picture. What it lacks is good painting, delicate painting; so small a picture must be carried further into detail or it is coarse and repulsive. This picture on the walls of the gallery will pass, and seems even well painted after a look at its neighbors, but its unrefined, unfinished manner of painting soon makes itself felt. One cannot but look close at a little picture; one takes it in hand, if he own it and love it, or hangs it low and in a strong light.

Of one thing there is no doubt, Mr. Vedder needs great technical skill to be all he aspires to be. He needs the power of powerful and delicate drawing and a complete mastery of color. We cannot wish him a kinder wish than this, that he may learn to join French science to his own daring and originality. And so, with sincere regret that we have not space to give his work, past and present, the careful examination it deserves, we hope for him a better exhibition next year.

**FISK & HATCH,**  
BANKERS,  
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**THE 7.30 POPULAR LOAN,**  
5 NASSAU STREET,  
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DEPOSITS RECEIVED, COLLECTIONS MADE.  
ALL KINDS OF UNITED STATES  
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FIRST CLASS SECURITIES  
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**ATLANTIC MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY,**

51 WALL STREET, cor. of William, NEW YORK.

JANUARY, 1865.

**Insures against Marine and Inland Navigation Risks.**

The WHOLE PROFITS of the Company revert to the ASSURED, and are divided ANNUALLY, upon the Premiums terminated during the year; and for which Certificates are issued, BEARING INTEREST until redeemed.

The Dividend was 40 per cent. in each of the years 1863-4 and 5.

The Profits for 22 years amount to the sum of.....\$19,691,020  
Of which there has been redeemed by Cash.....12,653,730

The Company has—

**ASSETS, OVER ELEVEN MILLION DOLLARS,**

VIZ.:

United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank, and other Stocks.....	\$4,974,700
Loans secured by Stocks and otherwise.....	2,187,950
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable, Real Estate, Bond and Mortgages, and other securities.....	\$,140,530
United States Gold Coin.....	\$41,890
Cash in Bank.....	288,430
	<b>\$11,133,500</b>

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JOHN D. JONES, President.  
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J. H. CHAPMAN, Acting Secretary.

**MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY  
OF NEW YORK.**

Assets, July 1, 1865, over	\$13,000,000
Cash Income, 1864, nearly,	3,000,000

FREDERICK S. WINSTON, PRESIDENT.

**Office, 144 and 146 Broadway, cor. Liberty St.**

Endowment Policies, Ten-year Policies, and Life Policies are issued by this Company on the most favorable terms.

ALL THE POLICIES OF THIS COMPANY PARTICIPATE IN THE SURPLUS, THE WHOLE OF WHICH IS DIVIDED ANNUALLY IN THE MOST EQUITABLE MANNER AMONG THE POLICY-HOLDERS.

Dividends of return premiums will be paid in CASH, or may be used if preferred in the form of additional insurance.

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Attorney, RICHARD A. McCURDY.

Applications and communications from persons in the undermentioned States to be through General Agents in their respective districts.

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## UNITED STATES 7.30 LOAN.

## THIRD SERIES,

\$230,000,000.

By authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, the undersigned, the General Subscription Agent for the sale of United States Securities, offers to the public the third series of Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest per annum, known as the

## 7.30 LOAN.

These Notes are issued under date of July 15, 1865, and are payable three years from that date in currency, or are convertible, at the option of the holder, into

## U. S. 5-20 SIX PER CENT.

## GOLD-BEARING BONDS.

These Bonds are now worth a handsome premium, and are exempt, as are all the Government Bonds, from State, County, and Municipal taxation, which adds from one to three per cent. per annum to their value, according to the rate levied upon other property. The interest is payable semi-annually by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The interest at 7.30 per cent. amounts to

One cent per day on a \$50 note.  
Two cents per day on a \$100 note.  
Ten cents per day on a \$500 note.  
Twenty cents per day on a \$1,000 note.  
One dollar per day on a \$5,000 note.

Notes of all the denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions.

The Notes of this Third Series are precisely similar in form and privileges to the Seven-Thirties already sold, except that the Government reserves to itself the option of paying interest in gold coin at per 6 cent., instead of 7.30ths in currency. Subscribers will deduct the interest in currency up to July 15, at the time when they subscribe.

The slight change made in the conditions of this THIRD SERIES affects only the matter of interest. The payment in gold, if made, will be equivalent to the currency interest of the higher rate.

The return to specie payments, in the event of which only will the option to pay interest in Gold be availed of, would so reduce and equalize prices that purchases made with six per cent. in gold would be fully equal to those made with seven and three-tenths per cent. in currency. This is

## THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET

Now offered by the Government, and its superior advantages make it the

## GREAT POPULAR LOAN OF THE PEOPLE.

Less than \$230,000,000 of the Loan authorized by Congress are now on the market. This amount, at the rate at which it is being absorbed, will all be subscribed for within sixty days, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the Loan, the National Banks, State Banks, and Private Bankers throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOKE,

SUBSCRIPTION AGENT,

114 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

MAY 15, 1865.

## Marine and Fire Insurance.

## METROPOLITAN INSURANCE COMPANY,

108 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Cash Capital,	- - - - -	\$1,000,000
Surplus, over	- - - - -	400,000

This Company insures at customary rates of premium against ALL MARINE AND INLAND NAVIGATION RISKS on CARGO or FREIGHT; also, against LOSS or DAMAGE by FIRE.

IF PREMIUMS ARE PAID IN GOLD, LOSSES WILL BE PAID IN GOLD.

The Assured receive 75 per cent. of the net profits without incurring any liability, or in lieu thereof, at their option, a liberal discount upon the premium.

All losses equitably adjusted and promptly paid.

SCRIP DIVIDEND, declared Jan. 10, 1865, FIFTY per cent.

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## FOURTH NATIONAL BANK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK,

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CAPITAL PAID IN - - - - - \$5,000,000

DEPOSITARY AND FINANCIAL AGENT OF THE UNITED STATES,

Have for sale, ready for delivery,

## UNITED STATES 7.30 TREASURY NOTES,

Convertible, at maturity, into 5-20 GOLD-BEARING BONDS.

Also,

UNITED STATES 10-40 BONDS,

UNITED STATES 5-20 BONDS,

UNITED STATES 1-Year CERTIFICATES.

We also collect Government Vouchers and Drafts, and attend to other business with the Government.

P. C. CALHOUN, President.

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## PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY,

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CASH CAPITAL	- - - - -	\$1,000,000 00
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Insurance against Loss by Fire, Marine, Lake, Canal, and Inland Transportation.

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KEEP ON HAND, FOR

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We BUY and SELL all classes of GOVERNMENT SECURITIES at market rates. ORDERS from BANKS and BANKERS executed on favorable terms, and with dispatch.

Also, receive DEPOSITS, and ALLOW INTEREST on current balances.

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CASH CAPITAL	- - - - -	\$1,000,000
SURPLUS, JAN. 1, 1865	- - - - -	270,353

LARGE SECURITY,

FAIR RATES,

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THE

## MORRIS FIRE AND INLAND INSURANCE COMPANY.

COLUMBIAN BUILDING, 1 NASSAU STREET.

JUNE 1, 1865.

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL, \$5,000,000.

CASH CAPITAL, PAID IN, AND SURPLUS, \$803,137.

POLICIES OF INSURANCE AGAINST LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE

Issued on the most Favorable Terms:

WM. M. WHITNEY, Secretary.

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## BILLS ON LONDON

At Sixty Days' Sight and at Three Days' Sight, for sale by

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**UNION DIME SAVINGS BANK,**

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ASSETS, - - - - - \$1,490,318 11.

Open daily from 10 A.M. to 3, and on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY evenings from 5 to 7 P.M. Six per cent. interest, free of Government tax, allowed on sums of \$500 and under, and Five per cent. on larger sums. Money deposited on or before July 20 will bear interest from July 1. Bank books in English, German, and French.

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**GOVERNMENT SECURITIES**

BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Orders executed in Gold, Railway Stocks, and Bonds, at the Stock Exchange.  
Four per Cent. Interest allowed on all deposits.

**FINANCIAL REVIEW.**

SATURDAY A.M.

THE establishment of THE NATION dates with the beginning of a new fiscal year of the Government. All the official Treasury reports of customs, finance, and commerce run from July 1 to June 30, in place of January to December with the calendar year. The fiscal year 1865 ended on the 30th ult., under much happier auspices, financial as well as political, than the circumstances which attended its inauguration in July, 1864. The trade and commerce of the country, as well as the currency and public credit, were then supposed to be menaced with disaster by the rapid and enormous rise in gold, the embittered excitement of a pending Presidential canvass, and the partisan use which was industriously made in the money market and on the exchange of the bloody but inconclusive results of the war then going on. The prospects of a foreign trade equal to the customs revenue in gold which the interest on the public debt would require through the year, were deemed gloomy by many of the timid friends of the War Administration of Mr. Lincoln, and pronounced desperate by its enemies in Wall Street and in and around the Gold Room. If we rejected such fears as unworthy the great cause to which our country had pledged its resources, it was not without apprehension that the extravagant premium to which gold was running up might seriously enhance the cost of the war, which it really did for six or eight months. But beyond this effect on the public credit we felt sure the danger could not go, without a radical change in the temper of the nation in respect to the prosecution of the war, and this contingency the fall elections soon proved to be wholly out of the question.

We begin the new year with gold at 140 in place of 280 per cent. The Treasury alone holds over thirty millions in gold, as the surplus derived last year from customs over the sum required in gold for interest on the public debt; the New York banks hold about sixteen millions additional, and over sixty millions legal tender greenbacks. Above all, the country is at peace, and trade and commerce freed from the embarrassments on land and piracies at sea which for four years had been the incidents of war. The money market is equal to all the demands of legitimate trade and adventure at very cheap rates, and the unemployed balances in Wall Street are at the moment tempting fresh speculations on the stock exchange. We record the changes of the week as follows:

**UNITED STATES SECURITIES.**

The long 6 per cents. of 1881, of which the total issue is \$282,570,650, gold interest January and July, have advanced from 106 to 106½ per cent. ex July dividend, and are in good request.

The 6 per cents., 5-20s running 20 years to the year 1883, but redeemable at the option of the Government after five years, the original issue being \$514,780,500, gold interest May and November, have advanced from 103½ to 105½, chiefly on orders to buy for English and Continental account.

The 6 per cents., 5-20s running to 1884, but redeemable after 1869, issue of 1864, \$90,789,000, gold interest May and November, have advanced from 103½ and 103½ to 104½ and 105 per cent. on domestic demand, some of the holders of the first issue making the exchange at ½ to ¼ per cent. difference.

The 5 per cents., 10-40s, the issue \$172,770,100, gold interest March and September, running to 1904, but redeemable after 1874, are in steady demand at 97½ to 98 per cent.

All the foregoing quotations include the accumulated interest since the last dividend.

The 7-30 per cents., running on currency interest for three years from the date of issue, and then convertible into 5-20 years 6 per cent. gold-bearing

bonds, are divided into three series. The first, of \$300,000,000, August, 1864, interest February 15 and August 15, are selling at par and interest, which interest is easily calculated at two cents a day on each \$100. The second, June, 1865, interest June 15 and December 15, \$300,000,000, are selling in large sums at 99½ and interest. The third, July, 1865, interest July 15 and January 15, authorized for \$230,000,000, are now being rapidly taken up by popular subscription at the rate of \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000 per day at par, and a commission of ½ and ¼ per cent. to large dealers and subscribers. There remains of this loan about \$120,000,000 to be absorbed.

Treasury certificates of indebtedness, running twelve months from date, on 6 per cent. currency interest, are selling at 99½ and interest for the issue of 1864, of which about \$104,000,000 were outstanding on July 1, and 98½ and interest for the recent series, dating in June and July, 1865. The brokers are paying a premium of ½ and 1½ per cent. for the compound interest legal tender greenbacks, of 1864 dates, but the table of interest on the back of these notes will show that they are worth from 3 to 6 per cent. to holders who are obliged to use or sell them as ordinary currency. At the end of the three years for which they were issued, each \$100 note will be worth \$119 50. The whole issue on June 1 was \$175,143,620, of which \$111,497,370 bear date from 1864. The legal tender greenbacks, bearing no interest and constituting currency, amount to \$433,160,569, which has not varied for twelve months past, except as to the balances held in the Treasury.

**STATE SECURITIES.**

New York Bounty Loan 7 per cent. is selling at 98½ and interest from July 1. The interest is at present payable quarterly, but should the people at the next election sanction the loan as a twelve-years stock, the interest will be paid January and July. If such sanction is not given, the whole loan will be paid off by special direct taxation next spring. There is not much doing in other New York State stocks, the bulk of which is held in the Bank Department as the basis of New York free bank currency.

Missouri 6 per cents. have advanced to 73 to 74 per cent., which includes 27 per cent. arrearages of interest. An ordinance of the late convention has just been adopted by the people by a majority of 18,000, requiring the railroads to which these bonds were issued to set aside, first, 15 per cent. for two years, and then 20 per cent. a year of their gross earnings, for the redemption of the debt and its arrearages.

Tennessee bonds of the railroad issues, of which there are about \$12,000,000, as a \$10,000 per mile first lien upon 1,200 miles of finished railway, have also recently advanced from 55 and 60 to 72 and 75 per cent. And old North Carolinas and Georgias, both of moderate issue since the war, find buyers at from 70 to 75 per cent. The whole issues of the eleven States recently in insurrection amount to about \$87,000,000 (the heaviest being by Virginia), including \$7,000,000 repudiated Union and Planters' Bank bonds of the State of Mississippi, and \$6,500,000 or \$7,000,000 of Louisiana bonds, specially secured by real estate mortgages to the Citizens' Bank and Bank of Consolidated Planters, of New Orleans, now in liquidation.

**RAILWAY SECURITIES.**

Most of the good railway mortgage bonds of the country have found their way to permanent holders, and scarcely any of the issues are in sufficient supply in Wall Street to induce speculation at the Stock Exchange. They are all called up for dealings every day, but business in them is confined to a few investment orders for \$3,000, \$5,000, or \$10,000. Prices rule steady, notwithstanding the United States tax of 5 per cent. on their dividends, which leaves only 6.65 per cent. net to the holder of 7 per cent. bonds. The railway shares constitute the great staple of Stock Exchange speculation. They are classified as New York, Philadelphia & Reading, and Western lines. There is something done in the way of investment in one or two of the New England roads. Erie common shares, of which the present issue is 164,001 shares, or \$16,400,100, advanced to 81 and 82 on the eve of the Fourth of July holiday, and have since ruled at 80½ to 83 to 81½ per cent. New York Central, 243,860 shares, or \$24,386,000, have a dividend from 94½ to 96½ per cent.; Hudson River, 60,000 shares, from 108½ to 110½; Reading, about 400,000 shares of \$50 each, or \$20,000,000, from 97½ to 98½ per cent. On the Western list, Michigan Central from 107 to 108½; Michigan Southern, 62½ to 63½; Illinois Central, 128½ to 137; Pittsburg, 69½ to 70½; Fort Wayne, 95½ to 97½; Rock Island, 101½ to 107½; North West, 26 to 28; and North West Preferred, 56½ to 62½.

**MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.**

Pacific Mail Steamship Shares are \$280 for \$100; Atlantic Mail, 156 per cent., subject to future assessment of 30 per cent. or \$126 a share for \$70 now paid up. Almaden Quicksilver have advanced from 53½ to 61½ per cent.; Cumberland Coal, from 41 to 43½; Canton Land Company from 37 to 42; and Mariposa shares steady at \$13 50.

## GOLD AND EXCHANGE.

Bills on London are chiefly negotiated in gold, and rate 109 per cent. on the nominal par of \$4 44 and 4 mills to the pound sterling. But the actual value of the pound sterling, by weight of the gold, being \$4 84 by act of our Congress, the par of exchange is 109.23 per cent., or adding the 60 days' interest on the bill on London and the expenses of transmitting gold to pay such bill, the rate here should be 109½ to 110½ per cent. in gold, before the export of gold is profitable to the banker. With gold at 139 to 140 the exchange on London, in currency, is now worth about 151½ to 152½. The latest advices from England quote money at 3 per cent. a year at the Bank, and our 5.20 bonds 70½ to 71 per cent. sterling money, which, with exchange at 152 per cent., is equal to about 108 per cent. currency for the bonds here, less commissions for executing the orders, and steamers' charges and insurance across the Atlantic.

## NEW YORK PRODUCE AND LIVE-STOCK MARKETS

FOR WEEK ENDING JULY 8, 1865.

**ASHES.**—The demand has been only moderate this week. Prices have been rather unsettled, but at the close unsteady, at \$7 25 to \$7 50 for Pots, and \$7 75 to \$8 00 for Pearls.

**BEEFWAX.** has been in moderate request and steady, at 48 to 50c. for Yellow Western and Southern.

**BREADSTUFFS.**—The market for State and Western Flour has been less active than the week previous, and prices have fluctuated to some extent, but at the close show an advance of 10 to 15c. over last week's quotations. The following are our quotations: Superfine State, \$5 15 to \$5 50; Extra do., \$5 90 to \$6 10; Fancy do., \$6 15 to \$6 30; low grades Western Extra, \$6 00 to \$6 15; Shipping Ohio, \$6 50 to \$6 75; Trade and Family do., \$6 80 to \$7 00; St. Louis Extras at \$7 80 to \$11 00. Canadian Flour has been in very moderate demand, but prices are a shade better, our quotations showing an advance of from 5 to 10c. over last week. The closing prices are \$5 90 to \$6 15 for common to fair Extra, and \$6 20 to \$7 80 for Trade do. Southern Flour has been rather dull, but at the close we noticed a more active demand, and there is a slight improvement in prices. We quote common Baltimore and Country at \$6 85 to \$7 60, and Trade and Family do. at \$7 65 to \$11 50. Rye Flour is without change. The demand has been good, and prices are steady. The supply has been moderate. We quote at \$5 00 to \$5 30. Corn Meal has been quiet, and prices remain unchanged, viz., \$4 75 for Jersey, and \$5 20 for Brandywine. Wheat has been more active, and with the increased arrivals we have a better assortment in the market, and prices have declined, although at the close, with quite an active demand, prices had advanced, and closed firm at the following quotations: Chicago Spring, \$1 24 to \$1 29½; Milwaukee Club, \$1 26 to \$1 28; Amber do., \$1 29 to \$1 29½; Red Western, \$1 40 to \$1 42; Amber do., \$1 45 to \$1 50; White Michigan, \$1 65, and very choice lots at \$1 80 to \$1 85. Barley Malt has been dull and scarce and prices nominal, the very small supply restricting business. We quote at \$1 60 to \$1 65. Oats have been quite active, and prices have fluctuated, Western having advanced to 7c. during the week, but with more liberal arrivals prices declined, and closed at the following quotations: Canadian, 60 to 62c.; State, 65 to 66c.; and Western at 69 to 70c. Rye has been quiet, but with the small supply prices have not materially changed. We quote Western at 85c. and State at 95c. Corn has been in active demand, both for export and home use, and prices have advanced, and closed firm at 68 to 70c. for Unsound; 78c. for Western Mixed; 79 to 80c. for Kila Dried; and 80c. for Western White.

**CANDLES.**—Have been moderately active and steady at 21 to 24c. for Adamantine, 35c. for Sperm, and 45c. for Patent.

**COPPER.**—American ingot has been in less active demand, prices have declined, but at the close rather more steady. We quote at 28½ to 30c. for Lake and Baltimore. New Sheathing and Yellow Metal are steady at 35c. for the latter.

**COFFEE.**—Rio has been in good demand, but prices are without change to note. We quote: Prime, 21½c.; Good, 20 to 20½c.; Fair, 19 to 19½c.; Ordinary, 17½ to 18c.; and Fair to Good cargoes 19 to 20c. Other kinds are without change.

**COTTON.**—Our market has been much excited and very unsettled during the week; prices have fluctuated considerably, but as compared with last week show an advance of fully 6 to 7c. per lb. The market closes to-day (Thursday) very firm at 49 to 50c. for Middlings.

**DYEWOODS.**—Have been very dull, and as the market is well supplied, prices have ruled very heavy.

## STOCK, JULY 1, 1865.

Tons.		Tons.	
Logwood, St. Domingo.....	210	Fustic, Cuba.....	130
" Jamaica.....	163	" Honduras.....	64
" Honduras.....	328	" Savanilla.....	35
Lima wood.....	1790	Barwood.....	275

**FISH.**—Dry Cod have been in good demand and very firm at \$6 75 to \$7 00 for St. George's and Grand Bank. Mackerel have also met with a fair jobbing demand and high prices. We quote No. 1 Mass. at \$22 50 to \$23, and No. 2 at \$15 25 to \$15 75. Smoked Herrings are in demand, and firmer sales at from 32½ to 40c. for Scaled, and 20 to 30c. for No. 1. Picked ditto are dull and nominal.

**FRUIT.**—Raisins still meet with a good inquiry and improving prices. We quote at \$5 50 to \$5 60 for New Bunch, and \$6 20 to \$6 25 for do. Layers. Sicily Oranges and Lemons are scarce and wanted. Foreign Green Fruits have also ruled very firm, and a fair business was done. Domestic Dried Fruits dull, and prices nominal.

**HOPS.**—A very fair demand still prevails for home consumption, but in prices we have no special change to note. Choice qualities are scarce and wanted, while other grades are plenty. We quote Old and New Crops as follows: 10 to 20c. for Inferior and Common, 25 to 30c. for Fair to Choice, and 35c. for a small lot of Fancy.

**IRON.**—There has been but little of importance done in Pig during the week. The only sales we hear of are small jobbing lots. In prices we have no change to note, but at the close they must be regarded as nominal. We quote at \$35 to \$36 for No. 1 American, and \$40 to \$45 for No. 1 Scotch.

**LEAD.**—Pig has ruled dull and heavy, but prices are without particular variation, though at the close they are nominal at \$2 50 for Galena, and \$3 75 to \$3 90 for Spanish, German, Refined, and English. Bar is quoted at 13c., and Sheet and Pipe at 16c.

**MOLASSES.**—There has been a good business doing in the better grades, which are firm; but Low and Medium are not in much request. We quote Porto Rico at 65 to 70c., and Trinidad at 50c.

**NAVAL STORES.**—Spirits Turpentine has been in good demand and prices have improved. We quote at \$1 40. Rosin has been in fair request at about same prices. We quote Common, \$5 50 to \$6 25; Strained and No. 2, \$6 00 to \$6 00; No. 1, \$10 00 to \$11 00; Pale and Extra, \$12 00 to \$14 00. Tar has been inactive and prices are a shade lower. We quote Domestic at \$4 00 to \$4 50, and Foreign at \$6 00 to \$6 50. Pitch is unchanged at \$3 00 to \$3 00.

**OILS.**—Whale oils have been in fair request at steady prices. We quote Crude Whale at \$1 00 to \$1 05, and Crude Sperm at \$1 50 to \$1 65. Lard has been steady and in

fair request at \$1 18 to \$1 20 for City. Lard Oil is steady at \$1 55 to \$1 65 for Prime Winter.

**PETROLEUM.**—The market for Crude was quite active and very firm in the fore part of the week; prices improved, and sales were made at 8c. per gallon, but ere the close the demand fell off, and, in order to effect sales, holders took off two cents per gallon. The market closes to-day dull at 34 to 34½c. Refined in bond has been only moderately active, but prices have ruled very firm, and closed at 34 to 35c. Free oil has been quiet, but there is no change in quotations, closing at 72 to 74c.

**PROVISIONS.**—We have had a very active market for Pork since our last, the enquiry being in part to cover contracts. The stock on the 1st inst. was 100,971 barrels, which is less than many anticipated, and these figures show a slight increase from last month. Prices have ruled very firm, and show a decided improvement. New Mess closes firm at \$26 50 to \$26 75; Western Prime Mess, \$30 00 to \$30 50; and Prime at \$18 50. Beef has been in improved demand, and as there is a considerable reduction in the stock prices generally have ruled firm. Tierce Beef is scarce, and is held above the views of buyers. Beef Hams have been in fair demand, and prices ruled very firm, but at the close they are nominal at from \$26 50 to \$27 50 for Western. Bacon is in small supply and much wanted, in part for the Southern trade; prices at the close are nominal. Cut Meats have been in very good demand, the arrivals are light, and prices in consequence are well sustained. Sales of Shoulders in salt at 14 to 14½c., do. Hams at 18 to 18½c., and Pickled do. at 20 to 22c. Lard has been in active demand for the trade and for export; prices are well sustained; the stock of Prime Kettle is very moderate, closing at 15½ to 19c. for No. 1 and Prime Steam, and 19 to 19½c. for Kettle Rendered, the latter rate for Choice.

**RICE.**—There has a fair business been done during the week, and prices remain without change. We quote Carolina at 10 to 10½c., and Rangoon at 8 to 9½c.

**SEEDS.**—Grass Seeds, as usual at this season of the year, very dull, and prices nominal. Rough Flax has been in good request, and prices have advanced. We hear sales at \$2 20 to \$2 40 per lot of 56 lbs.

**SUGAR.**—Raw Sugars have been in good demand, and prices are very firm. We quote good refining Cuba at 11 to 11½c., Porto Rico at 13 to 15c.; Refined have been firm at 19½ to 19½c. for Haris.

**SALT.**—We hear of no sales, but holders, in the absence of any arrivals of moment, have advanced their prices.

**TIN.**—There has been only a limited enquiry for Pig since our last. Prices at the close are nominal. Small sales of Malacca at 25c., English 24c., and Banca at 27½c., all gold. Plates have been in moderate jobbing demand, and steady sales at \$11 50 to \$13 00 for J. C. Charcoal; \$9 75 to \$11 00 for J. C. Coke; \$9 50 to \$10 00 for Coke Fine; and \$13 25 to \$13 50 for Charcoal do.

**TOBACCO.**—The business done during the week has not been large, but prices have remained steady at the following quotations: Light Leaf, 4½ to 6c.; Lugs, 6 to 6½c.; Common Leaf, 7 to 8c.; Medium do., 8½ to 10c.; Good do., 12 to 14c.; Fine do., 15 to 16c.; Selections, 17 to 18c.; Heavy Western Lugs, 7 to 8c.; Common Leaf, 9 to 10½c.; Medium do., 11 to 12c.; Good do., 13 to 15c.; Fine do., 16 to 18c.; Selections, 19 to 22c.

**WOOL.**—Domestic and Foreign Fleeces have not been active since our last, and prices are without change to note. The business doing has been confined to small lots.

## NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NATION.

## TOTAL RECEIPTS OF CATTLE OF ALL KINDS FOR THE WEEK.

According to the reports from the several market places in the city, there have been received this week:

	Beeves.	Cows.	Sheep or Vails.	Lambs.	Swine.
At Allerton's.....	3,691	21	541	570	....
At Browning's.....	450	34	291	4,863	....
At O'Brien's.....	45	23	....	1,088	....
At Chamberlin's.....	46	31	361	5,764	....
Sold at Bergen, N. J.....	729	....	....	....	....
Sold Direct.....	490	....	600	1,000	....
Hog Yards, Fortieth Street.....	....	....	....	....	10,739
Total.....	5,421	109	1,793	13,285	10,739
Total last week.....	5,673	106	1,977	14,529	14,640
Increase.....	....	3	....	....	....
Decrease.....	254	....	184	1,244	3,901
Average No. per week last year.....	5,000	145	1,755	15,388	12,676

## BEEF CATTLE.

On Saturday morning the market opened quite steady with a fair demand, but later in the day, and up to Monday, a very heavy feeling prevailed, and prices gradually fell off. Our quotations as compared with last week show a large decline.

## PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT FORTY-FOURTH STREET.

	This week.	Last week.
Extra.....	15½ to 16	17 to 17½
First quality.....	13½ to 14	14½ to 15½
Second quality.....	11½ to 12	13 to 14
Third quality.....	10½ to 11	12 to 12½
Inferior.....	9 to 10	10 to 11½
Average of all sales, about.....	13½ to 13½	— to 15

## COWS AND CALVES.

There has been only amoderate enquiry for Milch Cows during the week, prices have ruled heavy, and show a decline, closing heavy.

	This week.	Last week.
Choice.....	\$75 00 to 100 00	\$75 00 to 100 00
Good.....	60 00 to 70 00	60 00 to 70 00
Fair.....	40 00 to 50 00	40 00 to 50 00
Inferior and Common.....	25 00 to 35 00	25 00 to 35 00

## VEAL CALVES.

Veal Calves have also ruled dull, and under more liberal arrivals prices have fallen off, and at the close are nominal.

	This week.	Last week.
Extra and Choice.....	9 to 10	11 to 12½
Good.....	8 to 8½	9½ to 10
Common.....	7 to 7½	8½ to 9
Inferior.....	6½ to 6½	7 to 8

## SHEEP AND LAMBS.

Sheep have suffered a material decline during the week. The enquiry has been extremely light, the market closing very dull. Lambs have also ruled heavy, and prices are lower, though they have not experienced as much depression as sheep. Some prime lots were sold at full previous prices. The market closes, however, very dull and heavy.

	This week.	Last week.
Extra.....	per lb. 5½ to 6	6½ to 7
Choice.....	5½ to 5½	6½ to 6½
Good.....	5 to 5½	6 to 6½
Fair.....	4½ to 4½	5½ to 5½
Common.....	4 to 4½	5 to 5½



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The criticism of books and works of art will form one of its most prominent features; and pains will be taken to have this task performed in every case by writers possessing special qualifications for it.

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